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## W'en de Sto'hk Flew.\*

By C. GARFIELD KINNEY.

Hit am pow'ful spooky, in de black bayou  
Wif de sof' win' a-moanin' en de moon peekin' froo,  
En eb'ything seemin' daid quiet en still  
Lak hit done kitched hits breaf—skeered fit ter kill;  
End de moss on de cypress en cedar en oak  
Hangs danglin' en twistin'—lak hit mean ter choke  
Who ebber de voodoo man tol' hit to  
W'en his spell fotch dem down ter de black bayou.  
En hit sho'ly am da'hk. W'en yo' luk eroun'  
De blue-white light 'peah's ter des' drip down  
Froo de swish-swishin' branches, en ter fall ter res'  
A-tremblin' en a-shakin' on de watuh's breas'.  
W'en de sto'hk flew ovuh hit—not long ergo—  
Wif de li'll black pa'hsel w'at had bothu'hd him so,

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He folded he wings, en he drap wif a swoop  
'Twell he light en res'. En Ah reckon de whoop  
Dat de bun'le let out w'en hit kotch hits bref  
Mus' ha' skeered Mistuh Mud Turkle nigh to deaf;  
'Case he flop f'um de log wheah he slep' dat night  
En quietly soused hisse'f, clean out er sight.  
En a scritch owel yowled wif a "To—who—whooo"  
F'um out in de da'hkness of de black bayou,  
En Ah knowed deh wuz sperrits a-lookin' fo' me  
Right den. En Ah say: "Dis 'peahs to be  
De time fo' er 'spectable niggah Ah know  
To git." En den, ez Ah sta'hted ter go  
Ah grabbed dat bun'le en, honey, Ah flew  
On de way to'hds home f'um dat black bayou.  
Yo' mammy wuz sick at de time, en so  
Ah open' dat bun'le outside de do'—  
En w'at do yo' reckon hit wuz Ah foun'?  
Mah ha'ht stopped thumpin'—one luk eroun'  
En Ah sneaked to yo' mammy en tol' her de truf,  
En de bun'le—Lawd a Massey! Lak ter rais' de roof!  
Doan' yo' know yit, honey? W'y, 'twuz sho'ly you  
Dat yo' daddy stole—a-huntin' in dat black bayou!



## **The Concrete Soul.**

By **WILLIAM HEMSTREET.**

**B**OTH biogenesis and abiogenesis are true, with qualifications. The former is a claim that there cannot be a living body except as the product of another living body; the latter that there can be.

Simply and popularly stated, established phenomena say there is mind without a physical body; that they are generically two different things. But whether there be no living body without a preceding living body, there certainly can be no mind without a preceding mind. The materialists say the human body makes and precedes the mind. According to that absurdam the mindless body has made itself with all its wonderful and adaptive machinery; then it makes within itself mind to intelligently govern itself, and then it unmakes that mind and decays. Although the question of biogenesis is of no more importance than the North Pole, it may be asked in passing, How came the first body, because the planet was, in its creation, a mass of fire wherein no body could exist? The question now is one of mere discovery, for in the bottom of the sea and in the ooze of swamps beginnings of species may be going on now all the time, for all we know, just the same as in the Creation immediately after the planet was rounded up and cooled off. Deeper and usefuler questions are, whether matter, here now, can of itself make life; whether the life that is found in the body came to it from the outside, and whether that mind—or life—exists after bodily death as it did before bodily life. Mind and life are one. The two antithetical differentiations—mind and matter—do really exist here in alloy, but which was first or was neither first, like the snail and its shell?

Go back a bit. The first chapter of Genesis is intuitively scientific. The first Intelligent Cause created all living things, each with its own seed, "finished" its work and "rested." Perhaps then and there was ended spontaneous generation on this earth. But this self-seeding is the marvelous proof of intelligent design preceding the organism. We must appreciate the great fact that outside of this planet and its organisms there was and is an illimit-

able Universe of life and mind, of intelligent and executed purpose. To move matter, mind must itself be matter (Zeno), and so the conclusion is that universal mind was embodied in the universal protyle, or ether, which differentiated itself upon this planet in various forms called organisms, selecting and composing them in the first seed or cell from their various elements. Now as that creative power, that has been proved by its effects to be intelligent, existed before and independent of bodily life, for it is plain to us that in continue to exist after and independent of bodily life, for it is plain to us that in the cosmic fountain of creative law some worlds are older than ours, some are dead, and some are not yet made. There was no cut-off or vacuum between this planet and the rest of the universe. Living bodies were commenced here, as elsewhere, by that universal intelligent force. Neither is it necessary to assume that "germs of life crossed the spaces hither," for this creative spirit was everywhere, even in fire, and was ready here to organize as soon as chemistry was ready for organisms. The postulate that mind precedes and is independent of body is shown by the fact that there was a nebulous universe with an intelligent design in all its cosmic formation, then afterwards the advent of our organisms which are flimsy and ephemeral. From the smallest microscopic animalcule with its full complement of intelligent faculties, and some even with the human visage, all the way up through glorious vistas of suns, for billions of miles, we see one connected plan and planner. Cell and sun are brothers. Soul is abroad and man's mind here is a part of it. We can see by common phenomena right before our eyes that this creative intelligence is always in operation and present. Breathe upon a wintry pane, or spray water upon a cold flagstone, there instantly appear, before the eye can detect the change, vegetable forms. A tiny sphere of quicksilver, struck by the finger tip, flies, by its inherent living force, instantly into many lesser perfect spheres before the eye can see the process. ("Oh, God in the atom!"—T. D. Talmage.)

All material energy and motion originate in mind. A natural intellect cannot conceive of force and action without a will power back of them, for, inductively, all we know of them in organic manifestation comes from preceding design and plan involving a designer and planner. Most minds say there cannot be any harmonious design, such as we see in all nature, but as coming from mind. But some minds refuse to cross that *pons asinorum*. Don't beat the animal; give him time; he shall evolve. We look upon a palace and its garnishment. The preceding intelligence and will of man brought it out from the mines and forests; so we naturally want to see the architect. We see an artificial flower and we inquire for the genius who exe-



cuted it. So when we see a natural living rose with its ambrosial breath and self-propagation, some of us acknowledge a maker of that also, although some do not.

There could not have been any Cosmos at all without mind, for mindless chance would have broken the orderly continuity of growth, and the germ of the lily might have produced a rhinoceros, or the cell of the tadpole an oak. There would be just as much sense in saying the palace made the architect, or the cells make the sap of a tree, or the magnet makes its attractive power, as there is for saying brain cells make mind and the directive force within themselves. The brain cells are only the medium of reception and expression for the original mind-substance within their nuclei. A man can make a horseshoe magnet, but the life force within it, that is without germs, cells or corpuscles, is beyond him and the magnet, too. Why may not composite matter, as well as ether, make mind? Because it is transitory and secondary. The ether is primal and permanent.

Now occurs the question, What is the substance of this unatomized, mental creative force, super-physical, that precedes the Cosmos and that has shown itself to be All-wise, All-powerful, All-present? Mind must have matter for its expression, its entity, its location, its personality. A conjectured or metaphysical soul, and a conjectured or metaphysical God are fallacious. We must have either a concrete soul or no soul at all, and a concrete God or no God at all. A soul is a continuing mind after the dissolution of its atomic body. As the mind of man here must have a body, so, in the oneness of law, the universal mind must have a body. The luminiferous ether is the body of the Omnipresent God.

There is a divine duality of mind and matter united, as there is a human duality of mind and matter united. We know scientifically that there is an elemental ether out of which all physical substance was made. Says Professor Baskerville, "The difference between the atoms of physical matter is the difference between the orbital motions of ether corpuscles." Who is causing these orbital motions to form systematic and purposeful atoms with which to build up the marvelous Universe? According to mental law the materialist cannot conceive of dead ether moving itself; there must be mind in the ether as there is in the physiology. From the simple fact of a body walking around with a mind in it is an easy intellectual step to the concept of the ether, which made the body, containing mind also. Our living, mind-containing body is made up of the atoms of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, phosphorous and sulphur, the atoms of which, whether organic or inorganic, all come from the parent ether. But we cannot combine them

and make mind, which is an extra essence. The mind has been imparted to them as the uncorpusclized ether that is within them, coming from away back by an unbroken life chain, through all the coitional protoplasms of heredity, linked back to the fountainhead—God. "Life from only life" is the conclusion of metaphysics as well as of physics. If mind must be hitched to matter here, although we don't understand the fact, it may be hitched to matter there, although in the far-back void we cannot understand how ether and mind were hitched.

The question comes from the materialists, "If you must have matter for mind why not accept the brain cells theory if they perform the full mental functions?" The reply is that the brain cells die. The ether does not die. When we reflect and conclude that the homogeneous ether can think as well as the compound physiology can think, a great light breaks in upon our philosophy.

This theory of a material soul appeals to our understanding and more befits man's aspirations, dignity, plans, hopes and instinct of permanence than does the vague theory of an immaterial soul. He is not merely a bee making honey for others, for he aspires, while the bee does not. Maybe the bee does and is reincarnated, losing its memory. After all memory is entity. A permanent soul-body is more natural and rational than that of mind depending upon a composite, fleeting, molecular organism, and dying with it, which would not be in character with the known harmony and reasonableness of the Universe. Without resurrection this world is a mockery. Men and women ambitiously acquire knowledge, power and affections down to the hour of death by this inherent, natural, driving instinct of progress and permanence. Do these mental aspirations keep company with the departing ether at the moment of dissolution of the body which is so beautifully "wired" for it? If yea, then it can be seen that we are temporary links between two eternities, one reaching backward and the other forward. At the beginning of our earth God's omnipresent and etheric mind resolved itself, as solution crystallizes, into protoplasm, and thence into bioplasm, which was Adam. We see that matter here must be the vehicle of mind, so matter—ether or protyle—away from here may be the vehicle of mind. In that concept there is no incongruity of law or fact. And herein is our hope and proof of the resurrection—THE PERSISTENCE OF MIND ALLIED TO THE PERSISTENCE OF PRIMAL MATTER.

This living ether is the constructive mind-matter that inhabits the cells of all living things. The cells do not make it; it makes the cells. The nuclei of all living cells are approximately alike, whether vegetable, animal, man

or beast. In each nucleus is the directive force of all that follows in character, form and achievement. This answers all questions—psychological, theological, free-agency, aspiration, social synchronism and sympathy, and our future. It also agrees with Moses, "And God made man of the dust (protoplasm) of the earth and breathed into his nostrils the breath (ether) of life. There were two separate acts of creation as to time and essence. The materialists say, "A peculiar commingling of chemical elements in the protoplasm makes the mind." But who first made the ready "elements" and then did the "commingling"? This divine ether in the cell is the commingler. God is there in the cell the same as on His throne. At that point is the first act of the divine differentiations into organisms. Science has, with opposition and difficulty, passed from the world to the molecule, from the molecule to the atom, from the atom to the corpuscle (ion) of ether, which is the limit of present science. Here philosophy takes up the subject and passes from the idea of lifeless ether to living ether, to mind inhering in it as it does in the human body. This is the translation of the legend, "God with us," of metempsychosis and of abiogenesis. To such conclusions we are led by the following accepted facts:

"Scientists have just discovered what they call the energy of nature. They call it energy; I call it God."—H. W. Beecher.

"The corpuscles of the ether are atoms."—Duncan.

"Electricity is ether in motion."—Lodge.

We are forced to the inquiries, Who is back of this energy? Who is making this motion of the ether? What designer is placing within these atoms their immeasurable potentialities? This ether has been called an "ocean of fluid steel." It is God's energetic living body whose self-motions crystallize into organisms and unorganisms. If it has made molecular bodies here that are called men, it can as easily make corpuscular bodies. Beyond that are called angels, itself uncorpusclized and homogeneous, remaining as the Universal, Personal God. Saint Paul said, "We are raised a spiritual body." Theologians must find out what that body is made of, or be silent.

Next the question occurs, Why may not that etheric body dissolve as well as the atomic body? The answer is this: The etheric or spiritual body being a mass of matter, elemental, simple, not composite, and animated by mind, holds itself together as it does in the fleshly body that has constructed limitations. The ether-soul has self-love, will-power and tenacity of existence, just the same as in the mortal life. It perdures by natural moral law which gives joy and hope. If it violate that law it dies. ("And these shall go away into eternal punishment but the righteous into eternal life." Matt.

26: 26.) If we be not inherently immortal entities we are "immortable" (Dr. McConnell) and may be made immortal by moral law. Admitting the Christian theory that we are individualized in the next world we would need there location, dimension and form, which are predicable only of matter, and the soul must be a material thing related to the other things of the Universe and thus susceptible of scientific demonstration. Let us never lose sight of the presumption that the parent ether can think as well as its child-body can think. We are told by scientists that matter cannot be annihilated, that it may be dissolved by chemistry to atoms, and the atoms dissolved by electricity back to corpuscles. Inferentially God—or Mind—can dissolve the corpuscles back to the ether, the human etheric entity remaining cohered by its own divine qualities and love of existence.

Thus we reach backward to God and eternity whence have come our instincts and a priori wisdom; and we also reach forward to the next eternity by inherent persistence and hope. As children awaken themselves exultantly to a promised day of festivity, we drift forward by reflex, holy and joyous hope and awaken to the Great and Glorious Morrow, to free sweep of opportunity, leisure or work, and uninterrupted loves, fitting ourselves here for them by moral hygiene and spiritual discipline. Perhaps souls fall still-born into the next world as physical bodies do into this, by genital crime. The fittest always survive.

"In the way of righteousness is eternal life; in the pathway thereof there is no death."—Proverbs 2:73.



## The Channel Tunnel.

By JAMES KNOWLES.

(From the Nineteenth Century and After.)

**T**HERE is some difficulty in reducing the general dislike and disapproval of the Channel Tunnel schemes now before Parliament to a definite expression and a practical form. With the view of helping to do so, it has been arranged that a declaration by way of protest in the foregoing terms shall be submitted for signature by all who care to join in it.

The public has no *locus standi* as opposite to a private bill, and cannot appear before the ordinary committees in the ordinary way; nor has it any other machinery for guarding itself from the Parliamentary attacks of commercial speculators. Its interests are thus at a great disadvantage as compared with those of company-promoters, who have a complete organization, which is worked "night and day" for their own very simple commercial interests.

Promoters are represented almost too well in Parliament, especially in the lobbies, and it is conceivable that a cause involving vast public interests might be practically decided on before it came to its judicial hearing in the House, and in the absence of the party most gravely concerned. Promoters' practices have indeed been hitherto comparatively strange to the English Parliament; but it is easy to imagine a state of things in which they

might succeed, and it may therefore be worth while to consider some of them for a moment.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, a similar matter to the Channel Tunnel scheme, similarly introduced as a private bill, greatly disliked out of doors, but personally approved and supported by some important member of a government. What course would its Parliamentary advocates be likely to take if disturbed by public opinion in the quiet progress of their measure?

They might first—under cover of an admission that there were perhaps two sides to the question—suggest or accept a committee of investigation into its principles—to be appointed by and privately held at the department presided over by the approving Minister. To this committee only such witnesses would be invited as the department thought proper, and if, notwithstanding such carefulness, the majority of them were found likely to be hostile, the committee might be dropped without making any report, and nothing more would be said about it.

The next step might be the appointment, under the same favorable auspices, of another and larger committee—still selected by the departments. This might be safeguarded by excluding from its scope the vital matters which had been already found insuperable. The report of such a committee

This article first appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* in April, 1882, and has just been republished in that Review, because of the revival in London of the plan to construct a tunnel to France underneath the English Channel.—Editor.

might easily be put forward in the House by a skilled debater as a sufficient answer to objectors—even though the most real objections had been left aside from its consideration.

Or, should the result of the second committee be unsatisfactory, a third even might be constituted on some plausible pretext, and the whole matter thus kept in delay until public attention was wearied out.

Meanwhile the various small artifices of "lobbying" might be going on—artifices so small as to seem almost beneath notice, but, nevertheless, not too small to have their weight. First one member and then another might be influenced by them so far as to commit himself to an expression of approval before he had really thought or cared about the matter. He would naturally conclude that his constituents were equally indifferent, and the mere fact of having taken a side at a dinner, or given an opinion at a luncheon, might enlist his amour propre as a consistent man, and consequently his vote, almost before he knew it.

Prepared for in such ways, the division, when it came, vigorously whipped for on one side only, would be a foregone conclusion; and the public might, when too late, find itself helplessly bound and handed over to a knot of private speculators.

But to return to the Channel Tunnel project. The disapproval and dislike of the general public to it have become continually more and more obvious. Almost the whole of the most influential journals, led by the "Times," which was the first to sound a warning, have agreed in its condemnation, and in this the press is but the echo of the talk of ninety-nine out of every hundred unbiased men who have considered the subject.

Awake at last to an attempt upon their birthright, which they have hitherto thought too absurd to be worth serious opposition, they have weighed, as wise King Leopold advised in such a case, "the probable gain against the possible loss," and find the dis-

proportion so stupendous as to leave little if any room for discussion.

Three consequences alone, which would necessarily follow from the project if carried out, are found more than enough to condemn it—a certainty, a probability and a possibility:—

1. A certainty of increased military expenditure, even upon the showing of the promoters themselves, who admit that the tunnel must be defended by extra forts, guns and troops always in a state of watchful readiness.

2. A probability, almost, indeed, amounting to a certainty, of irresistible outcries for more and more armaments, arising out of panics about invasion which would undoubtedly recur with greater acuteness and greater frequency in proportion to the increased closeness of the links binding us to a continent in arms.

3. The possibility of an irretrievable disaster from invasion. For whereas now such a catastrophe, if it occurred (and no serious person has ever denied its possibility), might be in time got over, and England be once more herself again within her "silver streak," then no successful invader would leave the soil until he had first stipulated for continued possession of the English end of the Tunnel, and could thus forever keep his foot within our open door.

In compensation for such risks and liabilities as these, what do the company-promoters offer to the country?—increased comfort in the journey to Paris, and the nearer approach, through increased commerce, of the "universal brotherhood of mankind"!

As to the sea-sickness, Mr. John Fowler has long ago proposed a preferable remedy for it in "floating railway stations" and improved harbors.

As to the "universal brotherhood" argument—is the immediate contiguity to each other of the Great Powers of Europe so obviously conducive to peace and goodwill that we should be in haste to join ourselves as closely as possible to them—to become one of



that "happy family" of mutually watchful tigers?

And are we still so sure as, say, in 1851, that men have only to bargain and haggle with each other to become firm friends—that unlimited buying and selling is the one short cut to the kingdom of heaven upon earth? Surely, to ask such questions is to answer them.

No business-like attempt has yet been made by the promoters to show how, and how much, the trade of the country is to be improved by our becoming part and parcel of the system of European railroads. Our great carrying trade might, as some hold, be very injuriously affected by the change. On the other hand, the mercantile advantages might be so large as to warrant, in the minds of others, even some remote risk to the national security. But these advantages have not been yet set forth; and were they clear, the projectors, as business men, would surely put them forward, rather than declaim about "universal brotherhood" as an inducement to shareholders.

Instead of such business-like considerations, pretences are advanced that a former Government committed itself beyond withdrawal to approval of the scheme. It is enough to answer that the actual correspondence gives no foundation whatever for any such pretences beyond general diplomatic courtesies, and that the country is at this moment absolutely free and uncommitted by any treaty or engagement of any sort or kind upon the subject.

Had any such engagements been made, to its grave detriment, without its privacy and behind its back, the language of Shakespeare would alone be strong enough to convey its anger of repudiation.

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd  
isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war,  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,  
this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal  
kings,  
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their  
birth,  
Renowned for their deeds as far from  
home,  
For Christian service and true chivalry,  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's  
Son,  
This land of such dear souls, this dear,  
dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the  
world,  
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,  
Like to a tenement or pelting farm;  
England, bound in with the triumphant  
sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious  
siege  
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with  
shame,  
With inky blots and rotten parchment  
bonds:  
That England, that was wont to conquer  
others,  
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself."

It is pretended, again, that the company-promoters would be hardly used if now—when for the first time their project is receiving public attention—they were forbidden, in the interests of the State, to proceed further. But they would be in no different position from any other company-promoters who have chosen to venture a certain amount of money on the chance of obtaining public approval. These particular promoters have spent their money in procuring Parliamentary permission to make certain trial holes (now being used by way of advertisement to their scheme)—but nothing more. If the public now withholds support from any further prosecution of it, how are the promoters in a different position from any others of their trade who make a bad venture at their own risk?

It may be useful, nevertheless, to add a modern instance which Mr. Alfred Seymour sends as throwing additional light upon one of the military objections which have been urged. He writes: "A few days after the battle of Sedan I was at Brussels, and whilst there I had the opportunity of conversing with an aide-de-camp of Marshal



MacMahon's in the drawing-room of a mutual friend, who was, with her family, a temporary refugee from France. I had just returned from Sedan, where I had visited the battle-fields, and the conversation naturally turned upon the events of the war. The Marshal's strategic movement to the rear, after the early eventful battles, when his whereabouts was for three days unknown to the general public, was discussed, and the question was raised why he did not blow up the tunnels in the Vosges mountains in his rear, and so delay at any rate the German advance, and their immediate occupation of Nancy and the adjoining country.

"The reply was that the Marshal had given the order to blow them up immediately the retreat was decided upon, and an aide-de-camp was sent to deliver the order to the engineer whose duty it would have been to execute the order.

"Unfortunately there occurred, what might possibly happen at Dover, a difference of opinion. The engineer thought it was not immediately necessary to destroy such finely executed works, and did not execute the order at once. The tunnels were seized, the possession of the line was made good, and we all know the results.

"It is possible that a few hours, perhaps less than an hour's delay, in destroying such a finely executed work as the Channel Tunnel, might produce the same result: the seizure of the Dover end, and the transmission of a sufficient body of troops for the occupation of Dover, supplemented every ten minutes by further relays, until the bold stroke either failed or succeeded. There can be no question that the rapidity of the advance of the Germans was enormously facilitated by the possession of the Vosges tunnels."

To hang the safety of England at some most critical instant upon the correct working of a tap, or of any mechanical contrivance, is quite beyond the faith of this generation of Englishmen. To disregard the warn-

ings of her most trusted soldiers and sailors, and yet to play into the hands of those who wish nothing better than the spread of a spirit of militarism—these things are also beyond the assumed credulity and indifference of a generation which has watched the European wars of the last twenty years.

The supporters of the scheme, beyond the circle of the company-promoters and their personal friends, seem to be chiefly foreign marshals and generals—who, oddly enough, can "see no danger in the tunnel"—and foreign citizens whose own conscriptions leave them nothing more to fear in the way of extra military burdens. Besides these there are a few high-hearted, noble-minded men, whom all must reverence, and who look "beyond this ignorant present" to the nearer advance of a great future for mankind in such adventures and operations. Such men "impute themselves," and sometimes fall in consequence, assuming in the interested people who beset them a disinterested enthusiasm like their own. To them appeal can but be made in words as lofty as their own aspirations, and such as have been already quoted from the great poet who loved not mankind less but England more. They may be besought to recollect what the isolation of England, as "a precious stone set in the silver sea"—as a city of refuge for the oppressed of all nations—has done for the growth of freedom throughout the world, and how clear and cogent should be the call, before the walls—the crystal bulwarks—if that city of refuge should be abolished. The time may come, indeed, for the "United States of Europe," as for "the federation of the world"; but can common-sense lift up its eyes to look across the Channel now and say that such a time is yet "within measurable distance"? Till it be so, let us trust—and not for our own sake only—to that "inviolable sea" which has made us and kept us what we are.

## Sea Magic.

(From the Spectator.)

**T**HERE is nothing in this world so clean and clear as the skyline at sea. The first sight of it on leaving land, when fields and hills and houses sink out of sight and all around is nothing but that vast unbroken circle of which the ship is the center, with the great arch of sky meeting it delicately at the edges, affects one with sheer amazement—so immense is it and so simple. Kipling speaks of the "excellent loneliness" of the sea; but till one grows used to the vast emptiness of its solitudes, this loneliness is almost appalling. It is a curious thing to feel the interest aroused by any sail or funnel during a voyage. The ocean solitude fosters a strong sense of comradeship with anything that sails or swims, so that it becomes possible to throw oneself outside, as it were, and survey the liner in which comfortable people travel from a humbler level—with the eyes of the deep-sea fisherman or the master of a tramp steamer. Imagine the sentiments of half-wrathful admiration with which those who go down to the sea in the "Bolivars" of the ocean—"overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder"—meet and see, green upon the starboard bow, red upon the port, "some damned Liner's lights go by like a grand hotel."

The sea magic is sure and indestructible, preserved in salt, and so is the beauty of ships. Even in these days when the sailing line-of-battleship and the swift and graceful frigate have vanished utterly from the face of the

ocean, while the "wind-jammer" is slowly following them, there is still the beauty of strength and true purpose to be found in the ocean liner. They trick her up inside in velvet and gliding, so that land-bred and sea-sick passengers may delude themselves into thinking that they are still on shore. The sea has nothing to do with the liner's cabins and saloons; but where the water closes round her stark smooth sides the old sea lines and the old sea grace perforce come back—for the sea endures no foolish excrescences.

Leaning over the rail at the bows one can understand what a beautiful idea was the old figurehead—now, alas! almost departed from the ocean. It was the expression of a true instinct—the watchful spirit looking out and forward over the waters. All old figureheads have that eager outward curve, a very embodiment of the thought of the home-coming sailor, always surpassing the speed of his ship. The figureheads of the old sailing ships were completely in harmony with the tall and tapering masts and the wing-like spread of canvas. It is only in the uncrowded spaces of the sea that the beauty of sails can be properly understood, for then the curves of the sails repeat and yet break the long line of that horizon which is itself a curve. No "star-pointing pyramid" in the desert can have the strange significance of the solitary sail at sea.

And because it grows more rare and more solitary, because the smoke-plumed funnel and not the raking mast

is becoming the commonplace of the ocean, the sight of a full-rigged sailing-vessel to-day has not only an unsurpassable grace, but all the pathos of a passing thing—into the vanished years she is sailing at such speed as the wind will give her, beloved by the sea, molded slowly by generations of man's skill and dear-bought knowledge, beautiful exceedingly because in every line of her attuned to wind and wave, because she speaks in all her sturdy timbers of the triumphant daring which first ventured upon the trackless ocean—high-hearted in face of the unknown, valiantly adventuring in a cockle-shell. The ship is a symbol and the great civilizer; she links land to land, and brings men from far countries into touch. Her keel follows the sun around the world. Arctic night and tropic morning are alike to her, and the circumnavigation of the globe was one of the supreme events in the history of mankind.

The ships that sail upon the sea have grown and altered from truck to keelson. Even the names have changed. Who now would recognize a cog, crayer or snake? But if ships pass and change, the sea is unalterable and ageless. Nothing in Nature has so many moods. One day it is grey and lumpy, with a sulky internal heave; another it is a mysterious green, crossed by veinings and finger-markings of foam; and again it will be a radiant blue with crests of white that toss a veil of flying spray all along the decks. Yet with what suddenness fog will dim this blue!—and fog is always hovering in certain latitudes. It is one of the strangest things at sea to watch fog slowly, stealthily closing in the ship, while the circle of the horizon grows smaller and the waves stand weirdly silhouetted upon the grey curtain which gradually drops down in silent stifling folds.

Caught in fog, a ship becomes curiously human; the melancholy howl of the fog-horn is like the cry of a frightened creature feeling her way through un-

known though not unguessed-at danger, the more seamen know of fog the more they hate it, for its blind helplessness sets all their skill at naught. But those who are not responsible for the navigation of the vessel may find a half-fearful satisfaction in leaning over the rail in the strangest solitude known to man. Then is the time to recall sea-legends of Vanderdecken and the albatross known to the Ancient Mariner. The pallid white gleam of fog forebodes and menaces; it makes uncanny disasters instant probabilities. Hands may not grasp it, yet it seems to turn all solid things to unreality and ghostliness—a few hours of thick fog make one feel that fog is the only element, that in it man was born and walks his days, and that befogged he dies.

But a fresh strong breeze will drive away the oppressive presence and once more bring back the wide horizon that sea-trained eyes so ache for and "the sight of salt water unbounded." Once more the great invigoration returns, and it is surpassingly good at sea to remember that apostrophe of Joseph Conrad's:—"Glamor and the sea! The good, strong sea, the salt, the bitter sea, that could whisper to you, and roar at you, and knock your breath out of you."

The heart rises to it as on the crest of a shoreward-sweeping wave. That is how we know and love the "many-twinkling smile of ocean," which is at once both terrible and dear, but never "the unplumb'd salt, estranging sea" of Matthew Arnold's melancholy line. Instead, the sea is now and always "the mother of prosperity," the highway of the nations, the sepulchre of the brave. "Who hath desired the sea?" Surely all true children of England, for to each one it is

"His Sea in no wonder the same—his Sea and the same through each wonder. . . .

His Sea at the first that betrayed—at the last that shall never betray him—His Sea that his being fulfils."

## Through the Malay Jungle.

By J. C. GREW.

(From the Badminton Magazine.)

**O**UR object in planning an expedition into the interior of the Malay Peninsula was twofold: first the big-game shooting for which, from the accounts of others, the peninsula seemed to be a veritable paradise; then to see this rapidly developing country before the hand of British progress should have opened up its last hidden corners to the light of civilization.

In the first respect we were destined to be wholly disappointed. The time chosen for our trip, although unavoidable, had brought us into the jungle at the height of the rains, the worst possible time of year; the rivers were in flood, the saltlicks submerged, and although continual signs of wild elephant and seladang were to be seen in the lowlands, all the great quantity of game which must have been there but shortly before our arrival had disappeared into the hills and the depths of the jungle where tracking was impossible. Only once, as I shall narrate, did we come on a fresh seladang track, but after following it for several hours until almost on the animal we were obliged to abandon the chase on account of the darkness. Tiger spoor were everywhere, and more than once news came to us of a native or bullock killed in some near-by village; yet to carry out a successful beat in such vast stretches of thick jungle would have been absolutely impracticable.

In the other respect, however, we were well rewarded, for though rain

poured almost incessantly day after day and week after week, with a tenacity and vigor which are known only in the tropics, all such handicaps were many times repaid by the interest of seeing at close hand the wilder places and people of this comparatively little-known country.

British influence is fast bringing the Malay Federated States to a condition of civilization and prosperity undreamed of twenty years ago. Then the country was unopened, wars between the tribes were practically continuous, the murder of white settlers the rule rather than the exception. Today each district is orderly and progressive under the able guidance of a British Resident, cities are springing up, roads are daily being pushed farther into the interior, and as far as the roads extend the smallest kampong with its schoolhouse and police station is learning the demands of a higher civilization.

We entered the peninsula from the port of Penang, which with Malacca, Province Wellesley and Singapore forms what are known as the British Straits Settlements. A railway journey through great palm forests and vast stretches of rice-cultivated country, where big black water buffaloes were in evidence in all directions, carrying burdens or turning irrigation wheels, and where hundreds of coolies in their pagoda-shaped hats worked knee-deep in the flooded padi fields, brought us to Taiping, a large town in the state of

Perak. It was here, I remember, that a trifling incident gave me my first insight into the true Malay character.

We were deposited on the unlighted station platform at night, in utter darkness and a most dispiriting deluge of rain; hungry, weary and wet as we were, the cheer of the rest-house appealed most strongly. Rickshaws were engaged, and in a moment we were speeding up the road at the satisfactory pace which a gentle reminder with one's cane on the coolie's back always secures. I took it for granted that my coolie knew where we wished to go, for although my knowledge of the Malay language did not then include either of the much-needed nouns "rest-house" or "hotel" I had carefully repeated both these words to him in English, and he had bowed with an expression of such total comprehension that I felt no misgivings as to a speedy arrival at the desired destination. So we spun along in the darkness, I already beginning to feel the cheering anticipation of a hot dinner and dry clothes.

Alas for a traveler's innocent trust in the moral responsibility of the Oriental mind! We were well out in the country now; the rain was pouring harder than ever and dripping dispiritingly through the rickshaw top down my face and neck; not a light was in sight to show signs of human habitation, and the driving storm had quickly separated me from my companions, shutting out all other sounds. Then it was that I finally grasped the situation; my coolie not only had no knowledge of my intended destination, but took absolutely no interest in learning it; he was a wonderful piece of brainless, heartless mechanism, wound up to go until forcibly stopped; that was his purpose, his duty, his whole function, and he was fulfilling it to the letter, going on straight until ordered to cease, as unconcerned with the why and the wherefore of the matter as a bullock drawing a cartload of stones. When I stopped him and shouted despairingly, "Rest-house, hotel, rest-

house!" he grinned as comprehensively as before, and changed his course; when I expressed my opinion of him in the choicest and strongest words at my command he beamed appreciatively and immediately started off in still another direction. Under the circumstances I was at the time unable to appreciate the humor of the situation. But the matter ended happily, for after an hour or more of aimless wandering we happened by good luck to pass a police station where the word "rest-house" was understood, and my coolie, with an ostentatious dressing down from the little Malay policeman, was directed thither. My companions, I found, had both enjoyed exactly the same experience as myself.

Kuala Kangsar, the capital of Perak, was reached some days later, the Dato or headman of the town, who had been apprised of our arrival, receiving us with great cordiality and escorting us to the rest-house, where a day was spent in making final preparations for the trip.

We were to have had an audience of the Sultan of Perak, but as he was indisposed at the time this was unfortunately impossible, and our shooting permits were sent instead by the Dato. I happened, however, through an amusing mistake, to be presented to one of the three Sultanas, each of whom lives in a separate Istana or palace. The chief native physician, having been introduced to us by the Dato, called at the rest-house in the morning after our arrival to ascertain if one of us would care to accompany him on his rounds in order to see something of the town, and as the others were busy packing I agreed to join him. He showed me the hospital, which though simple was neat and orderly in a degree worthy of the most civilized of cities, and having attended to several cases, started for an Istana, where he was to visit one of the Sultan's wives. We entered and passed upstairs to a large ante-room from which a door led into the Sultana's apartments. As the doctor opened this



door he made a sign to me, which I misinterpreted to mean that I should follow, and I was ushered in at his heels. The Sultana was sitting on a dais at one end of the room with her handmaidens grouped about her, and in her lap lay a baby born but a few weeks before, perhaps some future Sultan of Perak. The group made a decidedly Oriental picture, and in my interest at observing it I did not for the moment realize how unconventional my presence was. As the doctor turned and saw me his jaw fell in surprise, for he had in reality motioned me to wait outside. He was, however, to be credited with much diplomatic tact, for without a moment's hesitation, having salaamed to the Sultana, he presented me as a noted foreign physician who had come especially to advise concerning her health! I bowed low, my presence was approved, and what might have been an embarrassing situation turned out happily.

A clear starlit night saw us packed in three bullock-carts at the rest-house at Kuala Kangsar, ourselves in the first, the luggage in the second, and Ahmed, our worthy cook, holding down the third. The impressions of the following fourteen hours are as clearly marked in my memory as at the time they were on my person: they were a medley of springless swaying and creaking, the sharp "Ja!" of the Kling driver coming at regular intervals through the night, the damp evil smell of the padi-grass which served as bedding, the odor of our driver's vile cigarettes and areca nuts, which alone must have served to keep one awake, and, above all, the pitiless swarms of flies that came from the padi-fields through which we passed, to render sleep as impossible as it was longed for. The cart jolted along at scarcely two miles an hour, never once stopping through the long, hot, soul-trying night.

Dawn disclosed the jungle like an impenetrable wall on one side and a valley on the other, luxuriant with ferns and cocoanut palms and hundreds of brilliantly-colored song-birds. We

were hungry—as hungry as any healthy mortals might be after such a night. Ahmed proved his efficiency from the first by binding his ankles with a fibre thong and proceeding to clamber up the nearest cocoanut tree, whence he soon returned with a full breakfast under either arm.

Arriving at Lenggong we repaired as usual to the rest-house. Now, the British rest-house is a most gratifying institution. It is intended originally for the government official on his round of duty, whether he be the resident of a district on a tour of inspection, or the Roads Commissioner building new highways into the interior; and among the printed regulations on the wall of the dining-room it is clearly stated that in every case an official has first call in the matter of accommodation. In the more-frequented places a servant will be found in charge who performs the combined duties of cook, butler, valet, and anything else that may be required. Further away from civilization where travellers are few and officials given larger tracts to cover there is no servant, but the key to the rest-house will be found in charge of some privileged old inhabitant of the village, who unlocks it with the greatest pomp and ceremony and sweeps it out as though preparing a palace for the king's arrival. Up in the interior these buildings are raised high above the ground in case of flood, a porch runs along the outside, and the single floor inside is simply furnished with plenty of plain wooden chairs and tables, pots and pans for cooking, and, above all, mosquito netting.

It was at Lenggong that our first news of a tiger came. The headman or Penghulu of the village called on us one morning with two old trackers who said that within the week a tiger had killed a bullock some three miles down the road, and that if we cared to investigate we might find him still round the carcass. We accordingly got out our guns and walked to the spot where the animal had been killed; here the jungle was dense on both sides

of the road, but we found the path the tiger had made in dragging his prey away, and followed it straight into the ruck to the remains of the slaughtered bullock, whose limbs had evidently been well chewed and scattered not far from the body itself. I noticed several fresh paw-marks in the mud which on account of the rains could not have been more than a day old. As we were bending over them there was the distinct sound of an animal escaping into the jungle; both trackers at once said "Rimau!" ("Tiger!") and appeared much excited. But a tiger slinks away silently; and though the men assured us they had heard a growl, we attributed the noise to a deer, and returned to the village feeling that however much game there might be in the country, tracking was to be out of the question, so dense and pathless was the jungle.

Rain had now poured steadily for several days, turning the roads into sluices, which rendered the journey to the next post, Janing, exceptionally trying; to take a bullock cart through that wilderness of mud was out of the question. We learned, however, that government elephants might be secured from the British Resident at Janing, and, trusting to be able to send them back for the luggage, set out to cover the twenty-odd miles on foot. This was no easy task: the highway had become a veritable quagmire into which one sank at every step, and since we had neglected to carry sufficient drinking water, thirst came on with painful intensity. Darkness found us with our bearings completely lost, as we had missed the right road and taken one which apparently led nowhere; we were much too fatigued by the twenty-two mile tramp to hope to reach Janing, and a prospect of a night in the open jungle, with no means of guarding against the beasts which might happen to be there, was not pleasing. But by good chance we stumbled upon the small village of Kuala Kinerang, where an English tin miner, prospecting alone in the interior, brought tea and rice, the first food we had had since morn-

ing, and made us comfortable for the night.

Janing, which we reached at noon on the following day, proved to be a rather pretty little town on the bank of the great Perak River. Our stay there was rendered most pleasant by the hospitality and cheery personality of the British Resident, Mr. Burgess. The picture made by his little white bungalow, sheltered by palm trees and surrounded by smooth green lawns, like an oasis in the dark jungle desert, its cool interior well fitted with pictures and game heads, its library and many long comfortable cane lounging chairs, is one which I shall not soon forget. Whether such comforts can make up for a life of almost loneliness, so far as intercourse with white men is concerned, is a question which only a man's personal character can decide: many of these officials, their wives and children at home, remain for years up in the interior of the countries they labor in, without a holiday, with almost never the sight of a white man's face, and few indeed with the comforts I have described, their whole nature absorbed in their work, all their sympathies centered in their black charges, whom they doctor, teach, and govern. It is a true labor of love and patriotism this, and one worthy of admiration. Mr. Burgess's face lighted with affection and pride when he spoke of the men he worked among; perhaps, after all, there are better things in the world than creature comforts.

On the day after our arrival the whole village, including the police force, was turned out to beat pig for us—perhaps, for the sake of the uninitiated, I should say to drive wild boar. While we stood at short distances apart on a jungle path, the natives formed in a long line and came down a hillside yelling at the top of their lungs, beating tin pans and letting off fire-crackers, making indeed a pandemonium before which the heart of the most intrepid boar might well have quailed. The sportsman stands in a little clearing, his gun cocked, his eye, for want



of a better expression, "peeled": the din approaches, there is a rustle in the bushes, and what appears to be a black 20-ton torpedo shoots like a thunderbolt across the path. For the first few times the hunter then gradually recovers his breath and uncocks his still undischarged rifle, the boar being by this time several miles away and still going strong. Occasionally the animal, happening to emerge exactly where the expectant sportsman is standing, makes a bolt between his legs, and the latter, being unable to shoot accurately while turning a complete somersault in the air, thus also loses his game. However, with a little experience he learns to judge where the boar will appear, and to catch him in mid-air as he springs across the path.

While we were shooting, the Resident of the neighboring district happened to call at Janing, and not finding a single inhabitant in or near the village came to the obvious conclusion that an earthquake had swallowed up the entire population.

Mr. Burgess had most kindly sent back Government elephants for the luggage, and on their return proposed that we should take them on to the next post, Grik, where others could probably be hired from the natives. This we agreed to do, and on a clear sunny morning, which contrasted cheerfully with the previous downpour, set out with five elephants and a baby elephant accompanying its mother. The jungle was at its best that morning: the foliage, from the refreshing rains, was of the most vivid green, and sparangled in the sun; on many trees and shrubs rich orchid-like flowers were in full blossom, while among them darted birds of all descriptions, surpassing in the brilliancy of their plumage and sweetness of note any that I have seen in other lands. Occasionally a troop of chattering monkeys swung by us overhead, pausing to regard us with curiosity and to hurl down twigs and bits of bark as they passed; the whole jungle world was full of movement and life, every bird and animal

apparently drinking in with pure enjoyment the glorious freshness of the sunshine after rain.

A source of continuous amusement to us were the antics of the baby elephant. You have seen a kitten career madly around after its tail, or a puppy tumble over itself in paroxysms of playfulness; but have you witnessed an elephant at the tender age of six months expressing its uncontainable spirits? I assure you there is nothing more excruciatingly funny. To begin with, he suddenly charges a bamboo thicket, butting down great trees as carelessly as though they were cornstalks; these fall across the way together with a small avalanche of rotten boughs, placing your life distinctly in jeopardy and causing you to wonder anxiously whether in the event of a dearth of bamboo you yourself may not be selected as a substitute. He then tears up a large sapling by the roots, breaks it in pieces, and hurls the bits in every direction, while you vainly attempt to dodge the missiles. Tired of this pastime, you will observe him surreptitiously filling his trunk with the semi-liquid mud by the roadside, which he appears to have swallowed until a sudden carefully aimed jet covers you from head to foot. The next moment he is trotting docilely by his mother's side, his whole being radiating innocence and defying calumny. Perhaps the most amusing episode in our baby's infinite variety of entertainment was once when fording a brook he slipped on the muddy bank and landed on his back in mid-stream, where he lay with his legs waving absurdly in the air, as helpless as an overturned beetle; the fond parent, seeing his predicament, was obliged to return and support him until he could regain his feet.

The glorious sunshine of the morning was not to last. Toward noon the clouds rolled up, and soon it was pouring in tropical torrents; frequently we had to ford rivers up to our waists in water, while the road, from the mud and pools, became almost impassable. As my feet

had become sore from the gravel which chafed in my shoes at every step, I boarded an elephant, and for five hours endured the uncomfortable swaying motion and the chill of the drenching rain; the others kept on, however, till at nightfall pitch darkness found them alone in the jungle some miles ahead of the elephants. In attempting to ford a river they got in up to their necks, and only with difficulty managed to escape being swept away by the now much-swollen current. The outlook was serious, as it was a question whether the elephants would be able to keep to the road and find them in the darkness. Meanwhile my *gajah* had been steadily lumbering along, while the driver belabored him continually on the head with his stick, and now and then gave him a prod with the ankus, all the while addressing him in a comical reproving voice as one talks to a young child. After dark he became frightened at the noises in the jungle and tried to turn, but the driver kept him on with an ever-increasing volubility of epithets, and finally we met the others, who were of course delighted to find that they would not have to spend the night alone. We forded the river, reached Grik, a small kampong composed of a few little thatched huts, and turned in, wet and very weary.

Through the assistance of the Penghulu of Grik, Ibrahim ben Ishmail, a bamboo hut was now built for us on a game field some seven miles away, called Padang Sambal. These penghulus, by the way, invariably showed us the greatest courtesy and good will, and indeed all the natives with whom we had dealings proved the recognized cheeriness and light-heartedness of the Malay character. But indolence is their vice; it is the Tamil from Madras and the Chinaman who do the work in Malay. Even in the most solitary places we were continually running across well-ordered Chinese farms; were it not for the great number of Chinamen who have settled in the peninsula, and who by their thrift and energy have established themselves in

successful farming and commercial enterprise, the Malay Federated States would be very much more backward in civilization and exploitation than they are to-day.

Padang Sambal, the game field which I have mentioned, lay in the thickest part of the jungle, approached from Grik only by a scarcely perceptible trail. We were guided there by some hunters from the Sakai hill tribes, who had put in an appearance at Grik the night before our departure.

Our stay on Padang Sambal soon proved the uselessness of the trip so far as the shooting was concerned, and in fact led us to abandon all idea of going into Pahang, for day after day the rain poured with a dreary and dispiriting persistency. This great open game field, with its tall grass, ponds and marshes, was all marked up with the tracks of wild elephant and seladang. Yet morning and evening, day after day, we waited and watched to no purpose. Every animal, with the exception of a few deer, had effectually disappeared from the country. A few shots at these deer were small recompense, and I found that shooting from the back of an untrained elephant, who at the report of the gun tries to imitate a bucking broncho, is anything but conducive to perfect accuracy.

It was finally decided to build a raft here on the Perak River and to float down its course instead of crossing into Pahang. Seven natives were put to work, and in a few days had made, with no material but bamboo, a very ingenious construction. Some twenty pieces of bamboo about thirty feet long had been lashed together with bamboo thongs, and upon these, in the center, was a raised platform some fifteen by six feet. A light frame supported the tent and fly as a covering over this. Not a single nail had been used in the construction.

The trip down river would have been thoroughly delightful had it not been for the rain. As it was, the mornings were always bright and warm, and the river banks, as we floated leisurely

past, were always full of interest. As on our journeys through the jungle, gorgeously colored birds kept flying and singing around us; the shores were here and there lined with banana and other fruit trees, in which monkeys played and squabbled, and occasionally we passed a little kampong, half hidden in the foliage, with natives working and babies sprawling on the thresholds of the huts.

In one place we had to go over a rather formidable set of rapids which our paddlers had been discussing for days beforehand, and which apparently caused them some nervousness. The barang or luggage was carefully lashed, a huge steering paddle constructed in the stern, and, with paddlers and polers at their posts, we pushed out into the stream. As we drifted toward the first pitch, the pilot, who was a grey-headed officious old man, took a charm from his turban and threw it at a big rock in mid-stream, crying out a prayer to the river spirit to see us safely though. There were four pitches, each successive one a little worse than the last, and as we went over them the old man appeared to go mad; he leaped from side to side, brandishing his bamboo pole quite uselessly in the air and yelling as though he were possessed of devils, beating the poor coolies, who were doing all the hard work, on the back as he did so. They were all shouting, too, and when in the last pitch the flood rushed over the platform on

which we were sitting, they also seemed to lose their heads, and rushed about the raft like a stampeded herd of cattle. To a spectator on the bank the sight must have been a ludicrous one.

In one place the fresh seladang track of which I have spoken was found on the bank, and as it was evidently but a few hours old we followed it for hours through the worst tangle of underbush it has ever been my lot to encounter. When we were so close that the water in the animals' hoof-prints was still muddled, the trackers who had accompanied us refused to continue closer: an Englishman had not long since been killed by a bull seladang in the same country, and the accident had left too serious an impression on the natives' minds. We followed on, but the seladang had moved swiftly, and at dark we were obliged to turn back, bleeding all over from scratches and leech-bites.

The remainder of the trip was a disheartening story of rain, rain, rain. Occasionally a night was spent in some native's hut on the bank, where we slept on wooden shelves in opium-thickened atmosphere; but as a rule things were made as comfortable as possible on the raft. At the best, we slept in pools of water, with mosquitoes biting ceaselessly and rivulets from the soaked canvas dripping on our faces. Some weeks later I was carried in a hammock to the coast, with a severe attack of malarial fever, from which in the end none of our party escaped.



STATE NORMAL  
GREELEY, COLORADO

## The Situation in Egypt.

By A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

**E**NGLAND has rendered an indisputable service to the cause of civilization."

This is the expression used by the famous French statesman, M. de Freycinet, in his work entitled "The Question of Egypt"—a work in which, nevertheless, he is by no means sparing in his criticism of England. Nowhere is the work which has been accomplished on the banks of the Nile better appreciated than in France; and all serious-minded Frenchmen, above all those who have important interests in Egypt, are the first to declare that the English have saved both Egypt herself and European interests in that country.

But at the time when Egypt was on the point of bankruptcy in 1882 England was not content simply to play the part of a Newfoundland dog; she wanted to achieve more than a mere rescue, which would undoubtedly have had to be repeated every year in order to save that unfortunate country from final disaster. Seeing her ruined, disorganized, in the hands of usurers and of a few powerful pashas, at the mercy of a government composed of veritable brigands, whose agents had but one care—to fill their own pockets—England decided to reorganize things from top to bottom, to give Egypt an honest and efficient government, and to restore her agriculture, trade and industries. Englishmen had perhaps at the time only a slight idea of the immensity of the task they were undertaking;

but with the courage, perseverance and intelligence which they have always displayed in colonial affairs, they have succeeded in more than compassing the end they had in view, in making Egypt one of the most prosperous countries on the face of the globe, and, wonderful to relate, in satisfying all the other European nations, who cannot, for this particular piece of work at least, refuse England their admiration.

England's success as a colonizing nation has certainly been great in all parts of the world; but I do not believe it has ever been so great, so rapid and so complete as in Egypt.

There has been much talk latterly in certain quarters, both on the continent and in Great Britain, of so-called "discontent" among the Egyptians, of violent opposition to England, of a re-awakening of religious fanaticism against Christians on the part of Mohammedans, and finally of the possibility of a grave financial crisis.

I have passed the last two winters in Egypt and the Soudan, and have been in daily contact with all classes of the population there, studying the situation with the greatest interest and the most absolute impartiality. Now I have arrived at the definite conclusion that from the top to the bottom of the social scale the inhabitants of the country, the very great majority of the inhabitants, recognize the work achieved by England, pay her a real debt of gratitude for their present prosperity, and

are perfectly satisfied with the existing state of things. Of this there cannot be any doubt. Egypt's prosperity is very real; financially the government is more than prosperous; and if a financial crisis of any kind were to arise, it would concern merely the hundreds of more or less doubtful companies who have flooded the markets of Alexandria and Cairo with shares that have no true value.

It is these companies, launched by speculators of questionable honesty, that the European public should distrust. The great financial institutions with which Egypt is now provided have nothing to fear. As for the people, they remember too well the sufferings of the past, the crimes and injustice, the black misery, the crushing taxation and the grinding tyranny of the corvée, to be anything but happy and content in their present state. The great majority perceive that if the English were to quit to-morrow the poverty, ruin and chaos of a quarter of a century ago would return.

We may, therefore, be very sure that the discontent recently manifested, and the slight disturbances which have occurred in Alexandria and elsewhere, do not express the feelings of the great majority of the population. No doubt that population is extremely sensitive to everything affecting its religion, and here—as with all Mohammedan peoples—a spark will suffice to kindle fanaticism and cause a conflagration to burst forth; but the English understand this question of Mussulman fanaticism too well, and their experience is too great and too extensive to permit of their giving it the smallest foothold. Lord Cromer and his advisers leave the Khedive and his Mussulman ministers in absolute control of religious affairs.

Like nearly all great seaports, certain quarters of Alexandria are infested by very bad characters, the scum of all the lowest classes of Europe and the East, and these have their habitation among those of the indigenous population who are poorest, most

ignorant, most wretched and consequently most apt to let themselves be driven like a flock of sheep. A handful of enterprising agitators may easily create a small uprising, which a telegram makes the most of, exaggerates and presents to the readers of some European newspaper as the beginning of a revolution that can only end in a sanguinary massacre. The question is to know who has an interest to serve in creating this state of things. Opinions are divided but, for curiosity's sake, I will specify here those that have the most adherents.

1. Many persons who are conversant with Eastern affairs have no hesitation in declaring that the Sultan is the sole cause of that opposition movement which has manifested itself of late. He certainly cannot view with pleasure the definite installation of the English in Egypt, or the wonderful prosperity of that country—a prosperity which brings in absolutely nothing to Turkey, who, nevertheless, still virtually remains the suzerain State.

By creating difficulties for England in Egypt, difficulties which if they became serious might oblige the other powers to intervene, the Sultan might hope to raise the Egyptian question once again. He might hope to have it decided more in his favor than it was by the last treaty between France and England, who, it must be allowed, troubled themselves but little about him! Or, indeed, it might equally be the case that the Sultan merely seeks to do what is asked of him, and uses his influence as a religious authority to soothe the fanatics—a little service in exchange for which he would demand an augmentation of the annual tribute which Egypt, the vassal State, pays to his exchequer.

2. Others do not hesitate to accuse his Highness the Khedive of covertly encouraging the malcontents, his object being firstly to be agreeable to the Sultan, by thus proving that he is before all a Mussulman and the enemy



of the foreigner; and, further, to augment his prestige in the eyes of England, and his influence as the religious head of his subjects. In short, he would like to make himself absolute master of the situation by continually keeping in view the phantom of Mussulman fanaticism and of some formidable catastrophe which he alone can arrest—or let loose.

I know his Highness the Khedive personally, his love of peace and quiet, his care for his people, and his desire of remaining on good terms with England, well enough not to attach any importance to this particular report.

3. To many foreigners, residents in Egypt and elsewhere, the question is a very simple one, and can be summed up thus: "*Cherchez la perfide Albion.*" In their eyes England alone is responsible for the moment, and it is her own agents, paid by herself, who stir up discontent and provoke outbreaks.

According to some people, England's reduction of her armed forces in Egypt is a piece of pure bluff, an attempt to convince the world that she was really welcomed there. And now, finding herself not in the least beloved, and dreading some future hostile movement, she created an occasion which gave her an excuse for increasing her army of occupation.

According to some people, England is not to appeal to the good offices of the Sultan, but, on the contrary, to profit by the difficulties presented in order to say to him: "It is to us that Egypt owes her present prosperity. We are absolute masters of the country. We have had enough of your intrigues. Let us come to terms, and you shall be paid a certain sum down on condition that you renounce your right of suzerainty." Persons who hold this opinion seem to be convinced that the Sultan, being always in need of money, will joyfully accede if the sum offered be worthy of his acceptance.

Finally, there are, again, a good many foreigners who fear that Eng-

land's object is simply to bring on a crisis which will justify her in deposing the present Khedive, whom Lord Cromer, according to them, cannot forgive for his former hankerings after independence. This particular hypothesis appears to me entirely absurd, and, taking into consideration first the excellent relations subsisting between the Khedive and the royal family of England, and further the numerous and apparently sincere declarations which the Khedive and Lord Cromer have made to me regarding their personal relations, I am myself quite unable to give it credence.

4. The fourth and last explanation which I will cite is far more mercenary and less political. Certain of my friends, important shareholders in the large hotels of Egypt, are convinced that a formidable campaign is being set on foot by Monte Carlo and the great hotel companies of the Riviera, with the object of "killing" Egypt and attracting to themselves the rich clientele, more numerous every year, which goes and spends its millions on the banks of the Nile!

"It is really shameful and abominable," an Anglo-Egyptian said to me on this subject. "Directly a couple of Arabs strike each other with their sticks, or a Greek and a negro give one another a licking, imaginary details of a terrible shindy are telegraphed all over the world; it is made to appear that the Mussulman population is in a dangerously inflammable condition, their fanaticism is called to mind, and we are given to understand that a revolution is at hand, and that the Alexandrian massacres of 1882 may very well be repeated. If one out of the thousands of great steamers that touch at Alexandria and Port Said has a single case of illness on board, the cable is immediately set to work announcing to the four quarters of the globe that we have got the plague and yellow fever here. Or if an unlucky nigger has eaten too much fruit, our

ports are said to be attacked by cholera!"

I do not know whether the mysterious powers at Monte Carlo and the hotelkeepers of the Riviera are really taking measures to ruin Egypt as a winter resort; but if it is true that such a campaign has been undertaken, either on a large or a small scale, it has had but a paltry result.

In my opinion, all the above-mentioned hypotheses are merely the fruits of wild imagination. The truth is that almost the whole of Egypt is hard at work, laboring energetically for the continuance of this era of hitherto unknown prosperity. And it is one of the most wonderful results of the English occupation that in a country where formerly laziness reigned supreme, work is to-day being pursued with incredible fervor and energy, while life is as intense as in France or England. The English have not only worked themselves at the regeneration of Egypt, but have also managed to induce the Egyptians to work ardently for the same end.

Whence, then, come these rumors of discontent, and all these prophecies of misfortune? There exists in Egypt, as in every country in the world, an opposition party made up of all the malcontents. Numbered among its ranks, we find the patriots, real or sham, whose hearts bleed at the sight of the Englishman giving orders like a master, and often somewhat roughly; the ambitious, who see the admirable working of the present government, and are persuaded that they could direct things quite as well themselves; the envious, who are furious at not being prime ministers or, at the very least, collectors of taxes; the disappointed, who can nowhere find any official crumbs to pick up wherewith to fatten themselves without taking any exertion; and finally there are the irreconcilables, among whom I should include a crowd of individuals from all parts of the world, who are no longer

able to carry on those shady little trades by which they formerly enriched themselves. Add to these all the Pashas, Beys and former employes of the government that have been discharged for idleness, or because they had a too great weakness for "bak-sheesh"; the incapables who have been turned out of the army or the ministerial departments, and you will have the largest element of the "Egyptian Opposition."

No doubt there are in Egypt men of integrity and worth who sincerely regret that their country should not be free and independent, made great by her own unaided exertions, and by her own children. To these I accord my entire sympathy, respect and admiration; but they themselves are generally the first to recognize that Egypt is as yet incapable of self-government. They understand that for Egypt to become still stronger and richer, peace and quiet are needful, and the support of that powerful arm which twenty-five years ago snatched her by main force from destruction.

But the others—the failures, the incapables, the dishonest, have but one end and aim, which is to upset existing things and to pull everything to pieces in the hope of obtaining some of the pickings. Not being able to do anything else, they make a great noise, and are glad to find that there are people in Europe childish enough to listen to them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Those who know the real situation in Egypt can easily understand how almost the whole population, with the exception of an insignificant minority, are satisfied and desire no change. It is enough to compare the present state of the country—even rapidly and superficially—with that existing in 1882, to perceive the perfect satisfaction of all classes and the greatness of the work achieved by England; and the more profoundly this question is studied, the greater the admiration that must



be accorded to Lord Cromer and to all those who during the past twenty-five years have worked under his orders at the regeneration of Egypt.

The situation of that country in 1882 may be briefly summed up in the following manner:

The government was then in the hands of a band of rebels, at the head of whom was the cowardly and worthless colonel, Arabi. The exchequer was empty; Egypt owed (almost entirely to Europe) nearly five millions sterling. The revenue was insufficient to pay the interest on her debts, or even to meet the expenses of government. The public works were all in such a state of neglect and disuse as to be no longer of any service. Commerce was paralyzed and industry at the last gasp. The fellahen, to whose labor Egypt owes her agricultural wealth, had stopped working, for, left at the mercy of the Pashas, who extorted from them everything possible down to the last farthing, they died of hunger whether they worked or not.

If we add that their leaders told the unfortunate people that their suffering all these privations was solely the fault of the Christian devils who were exacting mountains of gold from Egypt, it is easy to see that fanaticism and poverty combined were helping to make the situation a critical one for Europeans.

It was into this fiery furnace that England entered and France refused to follow her.

Let us skip over an *entr'acte* of a quarter of a century, during which we may imagine behind the lowered curtain the struggles and numberless difficulties, the antagonism of Europe to be overcome, religious fanaticism to be quieted down, the patriotism of the upper classes to be lulled to rest—that feeling of hatred, fear and resentment, cherished by a whole nation against the intruder whom they beheld coming like a conqueror, arms in hand—we can imagine it all.

This is now a tale of the past, and on the curtain being raised we behold a transformation so marvelous, so grand, that it is almost incredible.

We find Egypt rich and prosperous; a great portion of her debt paid, an admirably adjusted budget; her revenues increasing enormously, regularly every year—and that in the face of large and important public works, works which daily augment the wealth of the country. Agriculture is advancing by leaps and bounds, while commerce and industry develop and increase with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of the world. A well-organized network of railroads, steam navigation, telegraphs, telephones and excellently maintained canals, spreads over the country. Schools of every kind have been opened—primary, secondary and higher schools, technical, commercial and medical schools. The fellah works quietly and happily on his land, and the townsman is growing rich, while business prospers increasingly from one end of the country to the other. From the mouths of the Nile, from Alexandria to the great lakes of Central Africa, all across Egypt, Nubia and the Soudan, peace and quiet reign everywhere. And—strange as it may seem—all these results have been obtained, not by increasing the taxes, but, on the contrary, by reducing and even in some cases abolishing them altogether.

In less than twenty-five years England has accomplished all this and much more still. She has effected the marvelous achievement of remaining in Egypt with the unanimous consent of the powers of Europe, to the great satisfaction of the Egyptians themselves and the foreigners dwelling in Egypt, and finally of living there as a friend, almost as an ally, of France!

Any one who had foretold this situation some years back would have been treated as an idiot or a madman, and it is unlikely that the English themselves ever expected to attain a result

as satisfactory and complete as this.

Egypt's prosperity is now well known to the world at large. The almost fabulous progress she has made from a material point of view is well known, but not so her equally great and still more surprising advance in a moral sense. The honesty of the government in all its branches, the impartiality with which all abuses have been punished, and finally the honorable example which during five-and-twenty years the English have set before the Egyptians, have certainly borne good fruit. To be "honest" is no longer an empty expression on the banks of the Nile, and the entire population understands to-day what that word signifies. I think of how absolutely unknown it was in 1882! To sum up, Egypt and the Egyptian have now become clean, both physically and morally. We may say that England has cleansed and disinfected them, externally and internally.

Their whole life has been changed by this, and the change is visible even

in their dwellings. Little by little they are altering their habits: sleeping in beds instead of lying on the ground, using forks instead of their fingers, changing their linen and washing their clothes, and—a miracle, indeed!—allowing their women to catch a faint glimpse of emancipation. Yes, women are being better treated, are freer and happier, and their future is beginning to look much less dark.

The members of the new generation are physically and mentally much in advance of their elders, but they would be greatly mistaken in considering themselves capable of directing the future destinies of Egypt alone and unaided.

Egypt, as I have pointed out elsewhere, is still one of those beautiful and attractive, but terribly delicate plants which cannot stand upright without a prop. This prop, the only one that suits the case, is England, or, rather, it is that excellent man, Lord Cromer.



## My Chestnut Tree.

By H. MACNAUGHTON-JONES.

(From *Idler*.)

I passed it by in winter time,  
And it was bare;  
I came again in early spring,  
And buds were there.  
When later on the buds had burst,  
I found it green;  
When next I came, 'twas full of leaf—  
A beauteous screen  
Of outstretched branches sheltered me,  
With blossoms white;  
Each petal's stain of crimson red  
Hid out of sight.  
And later on I passed and saw  
Lying around,  
These fairy blossoms, thickly laid,  
Strewing the ground.  
Then when the summer days had gone  
The children came,  
To gather green-cased nuts, and play  
Their childish game;  
Or strewing them together there  
A necklace make;  
Who would not be a child again,  
For that hour's sake?  
And when in autumn days I strolled  
Along that way,  
The leaves were dropping from the boughs,  
And 'neath me lay;  
While some of these their color changed,  
Since fallen down,  
No longer green, but dank from rain,  
Were turned to brown.

Again the winter's frost had come,  
And drifting snow  
Had covered up the fallen leaves;  
The autumn's glow  
Was gone, and waving branches bare  
Swayed in the blast  
That shook and tossed them to and fro,  
As it rushed past.  
They saddened me, these naked boughs,  
Of leaves bereft;  
The dying year the tree had stripped,  
And nothing left.  
And yet I knew that life still stirred  
Within the sap;  
That the protecting bark around  
Did kindly wrap;  
That hidden currents slowly moved,  
And held their course,  
That would again bring leaf and bud  
From secret source;  
And then life's pulse would throb anew,  
And we should see  
Fresh buds burst forth, and blossoms deck  
My chestnut tree.  
Can we its lesson lay to heart?  
When all seems dead  
Within, and winter's frost doth fill  
Our souls with dread,  
There is a coming time of spring,  
When buds will ope,  
And that which now seems void of life  
Will blossom Hope!



## The Undercurrent.

By J. J. BELL.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

### I.

**T**HE second-mate of the "Thorgrim" had a grievance, and he was a born nurse of grievances who had nourished many in his time. He gave most of his attention to the present grievance as the whaler neared the mouth of Isafjord, on her way from the hvalstation to the outskirts of the Greenland ice, where the rorquals were then being hunted. Apparently he was devoting his whole attention to his duties as steersman. He kept his gaze immovably ahead, yet it is probable that he saw nothing—neither the great brown, bluff headland guarding the entrance to the fjord on the left, nor the range of mountains on the right, their ragged ridges white with eternal snows, nor even the dark water of the wide channel and the gray sky above it.

So absorbed, indeed, was he that he started violently when old Kaptan Svendsen, who was sitting behind him in a corner of the steering-box, stretched out his hand and pulled the cord communicating with the fog-horn.

A whaler had appeared around the brown headland, and Kaptan Svendsen, who for the past half-hour had been meditatively regarding the olive-green horizon ahead, desired some information of her skipper. The approaching whaler blew a white cloud and piped a reply. She was bound for the Langore station, not far off, and she was towing a blaa-hval as long as

herself, and swollen above the surface of the sea like the half of an oval balloon.

"I would speak with Kaptan Clausen," said Svendsen, and the second-mate altered the "Thorgrim's" course accordingly.

Ere the two whalers were abreast of each other Svendsen bawled his congratulations. Such a grand blue-whale had not been taken that season by any of the neighboring companies. Clausen shouted his thanks, adding that the capture had been made easily and speedily. "Sixty fathoms he ran out, and then he died."

"Bad weather, I see," said the old man, nodding his head seaward.

"Left a gale behind us, kaptan," replied the other. "No use going out to-day."

"I feared it." Svendsen waved his hand, and the whalers parted.

He turned to the steersman.

"Adelvik," he said shortly.

Something like animation dawned on the sullen face, something like eagerness awoke in the dull eyes, of Einar Ovesen, second-mate. But it was not a youthful animation, nor was it a pleasant eagerness to see on the countenance of a man of little over thirty.

"Adelvik, kaptan," he repeated, and turned the bow of the "Thorgrim" in an easterly direction.

Adelvik is a little bay not far from the mouth of Isafjord. It is a safe shelter from many winds and a good anchorage. There go whalers when

the weather discourages a seaward trip and when a return to the station would merely mean waste of time and coal; there they lie until their impatient captains decide to risk the run to the ice, and give the orders that send them wallowing and staggering across the Arctic Circle.

A couple of hours after the meeting with the Langore steamer, the "Thorgrim," with wet decks and a salted funnel, slid smoothly into the bay and presently came to anchor.

Adelvik is bounded east and west by great walls of rock, bare and precipitous, and landward by a strip of stony shore. Beyond the shore the ascent is rapid toward the frowning mountains, which, however, are deeply cleft by a narrow glen—the most vividly green patch, perhaps, on the north coast of Iceland. A few huts, the wooden upper storeys more or less gaily painted, are visible from the water.

By the time the "Thorgrim" rode safely at anchor it was noon; and on board the "Thorgrim" noon meant dinner. Einar Ovesen was reminded of that fact by Hansen, the cook, going aft with a large vessel of sweet soup, from which escaped the fragrance of fruit stewed in sugar. Einar was engaged in watching a Danish schooner anchored some fifty fathoms to starboard. He watched expectantly, and smiled when a man appeared at the schooner's rail, waved his hands, held up eight fingers, and pointed shorewards. Einar returned the signals and betook himself to the cabin. Perhaps he was not aware that he was licking his lips.

Kaptan Svendsen and his first-mate, Sigurd, were already enjoying the soup, consisting of raisins, prunes, currants and small slices of dried apple in syrup. The fact that they ate sweet soup three days a week had apparently no effect on their appetites. They glanced toward Einar and nodded pleasantly enough as he took his seat. Einar scowled and helped himself to a small supply of soup.

"We shall get out to-morrow," observed Kaptan Svendsen cheerfully. "It is too early for a long gale."

Kaptan Svendsen was a hopeful man and hard to depress.

"There is no doubt about that," said Sigurd with a kindly laugh. He picked the stem of a current from his strong white teeth. "Did you hear, kaptan, that the 'Hekla' came in yesterday with seven whales in tow?"

"Sej-hval, Sigurd!" the old man returned contemptuously. "Not sixty barrels in the lot!"

"But they say that the time is coming when there will be none but sej-hval to kill from Iceland."

"It will not be in my time, my good Sigurd. Yet I have heard that the blaahval and the fin-hval and, maybe, the knol-hval are moving south. It may be so. It may be that they are becoming afraid. I do not know. They went north for fear of us, I believe. It is not so long since I killed whales not two miles from Isafjord, Sigurd; and now we go sixty, eighty, a hundred miles, and farther, to find them. But if they go south they will be followed."

Hansen entered with a steaming dish of lobsouse—salt-meat and potatoes boiled and mashed together. He laid it on the table, but did not remove the soup, to which captain and mate were wont to return after the meat-course.

"Einar, you do not eat," remarked the old man. "You should have hunger after two months at the whaling."

"I eat as I wish," retorted Einar sulkily.

"So!" said Kaptan Svendsen quietly, and resumed his conversation with Sigurd.

When the meal was over, Sigurd set his pipe going, took a fishing-line from his locker, and went on deck. It was customary to fish while stormbound in Adelvik; already the majority of the crew were busy, and numerous haddock and cod, the firmest, whitest and sweetest in the world, were lying on the deck.

Sigurd with his knife scraped the

flat leaden sinker, to which were rigidly attached the two stout hooks, until it shone brilliantly. He took his stand by the rail, and let his line run to the bottom. Raising it three or four feet, he gripped it firmly and began jerking it over the rail toward him and letting it slip back. At the fourth jerk it quivered violently, and he drew on board a fine two-pounder. From which it is evident that the simplicity of the method of line-fishing in Icelandic waters can only be equalled by the simplicity of the fish there.

Hour after hour the sport—or, rather, the business—went on, the men mechanically sawing the air, water and rail with their lines, and bringing fish, hooked by head, body or tail, on board at frequent intervals. At four o'clock Sigurd descended to the cabin for coffee.

The old man was sitting at the table with cards in his hands and before him, engrossed in his solitary game of "patience." Opposite to him lounged Einar, sullen as ever, staring idly at the skylight, and occasionally sipping eau sucree from a thick tumbler. The coffee was partaken of in silence, and when he had emptied his mug the first-mate went again on deck.

Five minutes after he had gone the second-mate spoke.

"Kaptan!"

"Well, what is it, Einar?" asked Kaptan Svendsen, a trifle irritably. The old man did not like to be disturbed at his favorite pastime.

"I ask leave to go on shore this evening," said Einar, with a furtive glance across the table.

Svendsen laid down a couple of cards and stared at them thoughtfully. Several times during the present season the "Thorgrim" had been forced to anchor in Adelvik. On each occasion Einar had received permission to go ashore. On each occasion he had returned—after the time stipulated—in a condition which, if it were not that of actual drunkenness, very closely approached the same. The old man had

been quite at a loss to understand how the young one had contrived to arrive at that condition. Drink was forbidden on the "Thorgrim," and it was scarcely likely that it could be procured at any of the few huts on the shore, the inhabitants of which did not taste alcoholic liquids twice in the year, and rarely possessed any store of their own. Svendsen thought of the Danish trader, but remembered that she had not been in Adelvik since the beginning of the season. Other whalers that had been in the bay along with the "Thorgrim" occurred to him, but he dismissed the suggestion almost at once. And Einar had sworn, when he was given the berth of second-mate, that he would bring no liquor on board at any time. The old man was sorely puzzled, but he made up his mind as to his duty.

He laid down a third card, and, regarding it attentively, said quietly: "I cannot give you leave, Einar."

Einar changed his position. "You will not be sailing before to-morrow, kaptan," he said, still staring at the skylight. "There is nothing for me to do on board."

The old man set a card straight. "I cannot give you leave, Einar. Have you written to your father lately? There is a mail from Isafjord a week hence, and we shall have returned by then."

"Then you refuse me leave, kaptan?"

"I have said it."

Suddenly Kaptan Svendsen, as if with an effort, raised his shaggy, grizzled head and fixed his keen gray eyes on the young man's face.

"Listen, Einar Ovesen," he said gently. "Your father, my oldest and dearest friend, gave you into my charge. Your father loves you, though you have not been a good son to him in the past—in the past, Einar—mark that! I speak only of the past. I am not reproaching you now. You have always been clever. You can do well, if you like; you can please your father and make him proud. It is not for me to tell you how. You



know it. I gave you a chance because your father asked me. I would not have done it for your sake then; but I am waiting, Einar, to be able to do something for your sake. You have but to give me opportunity."

Einar shifted his position impatiently. Had the old man turned Lutheran priest?

"Have I not done my work?" he muttered.

"I have not complained. I have sometimes wanted you to take more interest in things, for it is the interest that makes work happy; but I do not complain. And if you do not care for the whaling when the end of the season comes, I will help your father to get you another berth. Meantime, I am your kaptan, Einar."

The old man bent over his cards, but his pleasure had departed.

Without replying, Einar rose and quitted the cabin.

Kaptan Svendsen sighed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Supper was taken at seven o'clock, and thereafter the old man turned in for a four hours' spell. He had seen a satisfactory change coming over the weather, and he hoped to get the "Thorgrim" to business in the early morning.

About midnight he went on deck.

"Sigurd," he said to the mate, "we will start at four. Do you turn in now; but first send Einar to me."

"Einar, kaptan? Einar is on shore. He left the ship at eight o'clock. Have you forgotten, kaptan?"

"So!" said the old man, looking away. "Ja, I have forgotten. I—I slept heavily. Get out the other boat, Sigurd. I will go ashore for him; he must not delay our start. I will take Hans with me. Tell him."

"Let me go, kaptan. Or maybe a blast of the siren will be enough."

"You will take charge till I return," said Kaptan Svendsen quietly but finally.

And Sigurd, who knew the old man, hastened to fulfill his orders.

"You understand, Sigurd," said Kaptan Svendsen when the boat was ready—"you understand that the young man was given into my charge by his father. Therefore I must try to see that he comes to no harm. Did he take his gun with him?"

"I did not notice, kaptan. But when he went ashore another boat went ashore from the trader. I think Einar has a friend on the trader."

"So!" muttered Svendsen, and dropped easily from the low deck of the "Thorgrim" into the boat.

On reaching the beach, where the "Thorgrim's" other boat already lay, the old man bade Hans remain where he was and stepped ashore.

The northern horizon was aglow with the rising sun, which had set less than an hour before in almost the same position.

In front of the nearest hut an Iclander was shaving the lumpy grass with a tiny scythe. There would be plenty of time for sleep in the long winter, and in eld Isafold it is well to make hay while the sun shines. As Svendsen approached him the Iclander paused in his work and took snuff from a horn flask. They raised their caps to each other.

Yes; the Iclander had seen two men come ashore in two boats some hours before sunset. They had met on the beach and had gone up the green glen; he could not say how far, but it could not have been a great distance, for ere long one had returned to his boat and rowed to his ship—the Danish trader.

Kaptan Svendsen thanked the man, and went off in the direction indicated.

\* \* \* \* \*

On a grassy space, hidden from the rough track by great boulders, Einar Ovesen lay asleep. His heavy breathing in the dead stillness of nature had reached the old man's ears, otherwise he might have remained concealed for ever. Little gray moths played over and around him.

"So!" whispered Kaptan Svendsen, and the note of the whisper was very bitter.

An empty bottle lay on the grass near the sleeper; two bottles, unopened, lay in a cavity under a rock close by, and a flat stone like a lid was beside them. This, then, was Einar's secret store at Adelvik, supplied, doubtless for a consideration, by his friend the Dane.

Brandy of the vilest quality, containing little but a spirit of madness. Svendsen knew the gaudy labels on the bottles. Once in the old days he had seen the beach at the station littered with empty bottles so labelled; and now he saw again the awful night when the sixty factory hands had gone stark, raving mad, and when he, with the manager and the few sober individuals left, had gone forth with guns too late to save a poor wretch from being slit up by a brute with a flensing-knife. He turned and shook his fist at the trader lying in the bay, though doubtless her owner and her skipper were innocent of assisting Einar to his present sorry condition.

Then he stepped to the cavity, picked up the bottles, and smashed them on the rocks.

Einar awoke. First surprise and wonder in his filmy eyes, then a very devil.

"You swine!" cried Svendsen. "If it were not for your father I would leave you here to rot. Get up and come with me."

"Spy!" muttered Einar, rising slowly. Somehow the neck of the empty bottle had got into his hand. The old man was unarmed.

"Throw that bottle against the rock," said Svendsen calmly.

Einar hesitated, then obeyed.

"Come!"

Einar lurched forward, pulled himself together, and walked fairly steadily toward the shore a few paces in front of the captain.

They came to a streamlet.

"Bathe your face," said Svendsen. "So!" he murmured when the young man rose from his knees. "Let us go on."

As they drew near the boat the old man said hurriedly, "Einar Ovesen, this matter is between you and me. For your father's sake I will not betray you. I will shield you. I will give you one more chance. When we get on board you will turn in at once. You understand."

Stepping into the boat after the young man, Kaptan Svendsen remarked to Hans, "Einar had an accident among the rocks. I found him unconscious. Give me an oar."

And so they went back to the "Thorgrim."

Sigurd was the only one on deck. Before the boat reached the steamer's side Svendsen called to him, "Sigurd, go and see if Hansen has left any coffee in the galley. If not, make me a cup, like a good fellow."

"Right, kaptan."

They clambered on to the deserted deck.

"Go to my bunk quickly," whispered the old man to Einar. The captain had a tiny stateroom. "I will bring you coffee. But go quickly."

The half-dazed man obeyed, and the other gave a little sigh of relief.

Sigurd appeared with a steaming mug.

"Tak," said Svendsen. "Call the men to get up anchor, Sigurd. I will return soon. It is Einar's watch, but Einar had an accident among the rocks, and I found him unconscious." He repeated the words rather too carefully.

"Ja, kaptan," said the mate, rather too carelessly.

Svendsen looked at him keenly.

"You know, Sigurd?"

"I know, kaptan."

A moment's pause. Then, "I am your kaptan, Sigurd."

"Always, kaptan."

So they understood each other.

## II.

It was the evening of the next day, and the "Thorgrim" had been fast to a fair-sized "blue" for upward of four hours. The harpoon had been well

enough placed, but its bomb-point had somehow failed to explode.

The gun had been reloaded, and Kapitan Svendsen was now standing by it, waiting for an opportunity to fire a second harpoon and so put an end to the struggle. The steam winch was grinding away, the cable was coming slowly on board, and the "Thorgrim" was gradually coming up with the whale, which had been swimming at or near the surface for some time, towing the steamer after him.

Suddenly, at an order from the captain to the steersman, who sang part of it down the tube to the engineer, the "Thorgrim" spurted ahead and ran parallel with the "blue," and four or five fathoms from him.

Kapitan Svendsen slewed the cannon to the left, took a brief aim, and pulled the trigger—but without the expected result.

With a roar of wrath he swung the weapon from him.

"Sigurd!"

"Kapitan? came the mate's voice from the steering-box.

"Half-speed! The gun is broken. It will not fire. Come you here."

Leaving Einar in charge of the wheel, Sigurd hurried forward to the bow platform. Along with the captain he examined the gun carefully. Presently he shook his head.

"I think it is the trigger, kapitan. We can do nothing with it till we get to the station."

Svendsen pointed in the direction of the whale, which was once more swimming ahead of the "Thorgrim."

"He will not die," he said irritably, "He might live so for days."

"But he becomes exhausted, kapitan."

"Aye; and then he finds his strength again. But I will not give him up; I will not let him go. I will lance him, Sigurd. Where are the long lances? I have not required to lance a whale for many years—I know not how many. Find the lances, Sigurd, and send the men to me."

Presently the six sailors stood before him.

"I am going to lance yonder blaa-hval," said the old man. "It is, perhaps, a little risky. I will take the larger boat and three men. Which of you will come?"

The six, with one accord, declared their readiness.

"Then I must choose. I take you, Hans, and you, Fred, and——"

The second mate, having begged Sigurd to take the wheel for a moment, came running forward.

"Well, Einar, what is it?" asked Svendsen coldly.

Einar came close to the captain, his face working. "Take me, kapitan," he whispered.

"So?" said Svendsen inquiringly.

"A chance, kapitan; you said you would give me another chance."

The old man's keen eyes softened.

"For—my father's sake, kapitan."

Svendsen cleared his throat and turned to the men.

"Hans and Fred, lower the boat. You, Einar, will steer."

\* \* \* \* \*

The boat moved cautiously and silently over the smooth swell under the clear sky. Pans of rotting ice gleamed exquisitely here and there; in the distance, under a white haze, lay the sheet ice, and nearer a small berg or two broke the monotony of gray-blue space. The whale had gone under, but his position could be judged not inaccurately from the cable that stretched tautly from the "Thorgrim's" bow to meet the water at a small angle. The "blue" was now making slow progress, for the screw of the "Thorgrim" had been reversed and was acting against the mighty flukes.

When the "blue" broke the surface at last he paused—it may have been in suspicion. An instant later the boat's bow bumped ever so lightly against his slaty hide, and Svendsen's great hands and arms rammed the long lance through blubber and flesh.

For a quick breath it seemed as if the "blue" were paralyzed; then he slashed air and water with his awful tail. And Kapitan Svendsen's "little

risk" had become great danger. His boat was in fragments and he and his men were in the water.

On board the "Thorgrim" there was a rush to lower the second boat, while Sigurd, with a hatchet, leaped on the platform and hacked at the hemp, for now the whale, slowly but surely, was towing the "Thorgrim" from the scene of the disaster. The three-inch cable snapped with a loud report and flashed, a yellow streak, out of sight.

Then Sigurd ran back to the wheel and steered the "Thorgrim" toward the victims. The four men had been thrown in two directions by the blow. With the help of a couple of oars, Hans, his face bloody, was supporting Fred, who was afterward found to have an arm and three ribs broken.

Fifty yards farther away Einar held on to the steering oar, and near him Kaptan Svendsen struggled in the direction of the "Thorgrim," now rapidly approaching. But the old man's heavy boots and clothing were beating him, bearing him down. He gasped painfully.

"Kaptan," spluttered Einar, "take the oar."

"No, Einar. Your father——"

"I can swim," replied Einar, and pushed the oar toward the old man.

"Einar——" He caught the oar.

"I can swim. Ah, kaptan!" sighed Einar, and straightway sank.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kaptan Svendsen took his hands from his worn face and looked across the cabin table at his mate. The "Thorgrim" was making for the station.

"Why," he asked piteously—"why did he say he could swim, Sigurd?"

"I think," said the mate slowly, "it was because—because you were his kaptan."

"And—because of his father, perhaps?"

"It may be so, kaptan. Who knows?"

Svendsen sighed. "His father's heart will be very sore, Sigurd."

"And, I think, very proud," said the mate gently.

\* \* \* \* \*

Their long search for Einar had proved vain. An undercurrent, perhaps. There is always the undercurrent to be reckoned with in the sea, which is deep—in man's nature, which is deeper still.



## Northeastern Asia After the War.

By ALEXANDER ULAR.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

**T**HE Portsmouth Treaty, though it put an end to the Manchurian War, left open, between Japan and Russia, some questions of paramount political and economic interest. On the arrival of the Japanese Ambassador, M. Motono, at St. Petersburg, negotiations were entered upon, in order to settle these points, which concern what may be called "pacific penetration" after warlike invasion. No doubt was entertained that this supplementary discussion would rapidly bring forth a definite agreement. And, when, two months ago, a personal friend of the Czar told me at St. Petersburg that His Majesty "trusted sincerely to the present home and foreign policy of his government, but for the possibility of another conflict with Japan," I could not but impute this amazing statement to amateurship or megalomania, for it was beyond doubt, as it is now, that Japan is neither inclined nor able to repeat her late exhausting effort. Some days after, however, it was obvious that unpleasant difficulties had arisen between the Russian and the Japanese plenipotentiaries. Negotiations had come to a deadlock. The Russian Government, of course, explained in an official communique that all pending questions were on the way to amicable settlement, and the Japanese Ambassador emphatically confirmed this note in the French papers.

Nevertheless, the fact that negotiations have been hanging for some time

proves that Russia is not yet willing to accept plainly the economic consequences of her military defeat. And this is a point which deserves earnest attention, the more so as all European and American commercial powers are directly interested in the state of things in northeastern Asia.

When Count Witte, at Portsmouth, put aside the questions of fishery, customs, navigation, passports and immigration—as well as another point which appears to be a rather puzzling one, viz.—the demarkation of spheres of interest in so-called Chinese Manchuria—he did so not only for the mere purpose of gaining time, but, above all, in order to leave one more chance open for Russian commercial expansion in the Far East. Count Witte, the principal promoter of Russian "infiltration," felt pretty well obliged to acknowledge the political failure of his great enterprise; but he was not sure at all that in consequence of this the Japanese had a right to claim purely and simply the succession to the vast work of colonization, organization and pacific development done by the Russians for about ten years before. He believed, indeed, as before, that a close entente, if not an alliance, was the best issue, both for Russia and Japan, in view of working out the riches of northeastern Asia and of guaranteeing China from Western interference. He therefore wanted time to appease national resentment before discussing questions of economic inter-

est. And he remained firmly convinced that Russian prestige was still strong enough to make good by pacific labor what warlike invasion had ruined.

It appears now that the Russian statesman was entirely mistaken, as will be shown hereafter. The resistance of the Russian Government to the acceptance of the Japanese proposals concerning the different points left over at Portsmouth is neither reasonable nor useful. For the moral and economic situation of the Russians east of the Balkal is such that all hope should be abandoned, either of finding another outlet to the Pacific, or of re-establishing predominance over the Buddhist clergy, or of colonizing Mongolia in the place of Manchuria, or of resisting Japanese intrusion into the very possessions of the Czar. And it is sad to say that, if Russian power in the Far East is definitely vanishing, this is due, far more ever since the end of the war, to the inner disorganization of the Empire rather than to the rout of its armies.

Russian prestige in northeastern Asia, at least so far as it is based on economic and moral success, might have been saved, indeed, if the general insecurity, discontent, breakdown of private initiative, disorder, strikes, nay, civil war in Transbaikalia had not destroyed within two or three months all that had been projected or worked out in Mongolia. Count Witte when at Portsmouth evidently still relied on an actual compensation for losses in Manchuria by a further great success in Mongolia, securing the Czar another road to and a new influence in Pekin and the Yellow Sea, while consolidating at the same time the Russian ascendancy over the Buddhist clergy, headed by the Dalai Lama, who had resided at Urga under the protection of Cossacks ever since his flight from Lhasa.

I do not know whether Count Witte was, at that time, exactly informed of what was going on in Mongolia. If so, he had certainly some right to trust to the future of Russian expansion. Rus-

sia had two horses to back in her race to the Pacific. The crack, Manchuria, broke down; but the runner-up, Mongolia, was still able at that very moment to take up the race. By way of Mongolia, even after and in spite of the loss of Manchuria and the direct way out to the Yellow Sea, the possibility of pressure on Pekin remained intact, Japan being unable to meet Russia's paramount economic situation in that country.

While the war was going on, the Russians—perhaps unconscious of the importance of their enterprise—pursued a remarkably clever policy in Mongolia, just as if they were certain to be expelled from Manchuria. In a word, they tried to buy part of the country. It is to be remembered that, as I pointed out in this Review two years ago, a long time before the construction of the Manchurian Railway the Transmongolian road from Irkutsk by Kiakhta, Urga and Kalgan to Pekin had been regarded by the promoters of Russian expansion as the best means for draining the traffic and having a line of "penetration" independent of all foreign interference. When the Czar, in 1898, had rejected the Mikado's offer of alliance, and chosen to meet Japan on the Yellow Sea, expansion in Mongolia was pushed on all the same. In 1900 the Russian Consul at Urga, M. Shishmarieff, artfully intrigued against the Chinese Suzerain, and secured for Russia the sympathy and the interest of the Mongol princes. On that occasion, and on the pretext of a non-existent Boxer invasion, Russia occupied Urga and laid out some forts in order to "protect" Gigen Khutuktu, the vicar of the Dalai Lama, and Tushet Khan, the master of Central Mongolia. Moreover, Russia took in charge the police on the caravan road down to Kalgan, and surveyed the track of the future Mongolian Railway. Her position seemed so well established that in December, 1900, Gen. Matsieffski, governor of Transbaikalia, proceeded to



Urga and proclaimed a kind of vague protectorate.

From that time onward the Mongol princes earnestly tried to get rid of the Chinese usurers who, for about two centuries, had subdued them to a system of "pacific penetration" that might serve as an excellent model for Western enterprises. As security for loans of all kinds granted to the princes, the chiefs of tribes or of families, the Chinese took over by degrees the whole of the pasture grounds, cattle, furs, furniture, etc. The interest being generally at 100 per cent., there was virtually no property at all left and the Mongols practically lived and worked solely to pay the Chinese guilds' interests on debts which nobody was able to remember. In other words, they paid an annual tribute to private bankers, besides the official land tax due to the Chinese Emperor. Russia promised to change this awful situation.

At first the Russian Government did not practically interfere with this matter. There was no money for that. They preferred spending it in Manchuria. But private persons took up a vast scheme which amounted to nothing less than upsetting the conditions of economic life of the whole of a nation. The bankers, jobbers, merchants and mining prospectors who wanted to "aid" the Mongols found however official support so soon as general politics showed the Government the danger of neglecting Mongolia. One of the two events that changed the mind of the St. Petersburg conquerors was the arrival of the Dalai Lama at Urga; the protectorate over Mongolia seemed at once to counterbalance the failure in Tibetan affairs; the chief of the Buddhist Church, under the direct protection of the Czar, was likely to save Russian ascendancy all over the Buddhist world at a moment when the military renown of the "White Emperor" was melting away. Besides this, men like Count Witte were perfectly aware that, even after a successful war, Russia would be un-

able to annex and govern Manchuria, because of the heavy and useless expense which her administration requires; all that could be hoped for was that Manchuria should remain Chinese under a sort of Russian suzerainty; but what nobody had expected in Russia was Japanese supremacy in that part of Manchuria which commands the Yellow Sea. This, indeed, was likely to ruin the very principle of Russian policy in the Far East—viz., the Czar's influence in Peking and his old and amicable economic relations with China, these being based throughout on the existence of intimate intercourse on a common boundary line of some thousands of miles. The expulsion of the Russians from Southern Manchuria to the profit of the Japanese had for effect the interposition of a third Power between Russia and China. Peking was to be left far from any Russian sphere of influence. And as, in Petersburg, the failure in Manchuria has never been considered as a definite historical fact, but as a mere episode in the natural course of Russian expansion, the leaders of Asiatic policy at the Russian Court were not discouraged at all. They simply changed their tactics, acknowledged the fait accompli, which as early as December, 1904, appeared unavoidable, and searched for another way than Manchuria in order to remain in contact with China and to make the expansive power of Russia felt there. It is for this reason that Mongolia became once more the theatre of political intrigue. The project which was to be realized with the support of private enterprise consisted in securing to Russian subjects the possession of the soil on which, later on, the hypothetical Transmongolian Railway from Kiakhta to Kalgan was to be laid out.

In spite of the war and the insufficient power of the Siberian Railway, a small quantity of materials for the line was forwarded to the Mongol frontier in order to encourage Russian action in the country. This policy succeeded quite well at first. The Russian

agents, proprietors of gold claims and bankers, the big tea merchants of Kiakhta, whose business was in a state of dangerous decay, bought and paid cash for pasture grounds of the Mongol tribes, which for some generations past had in part belonged to the Chinese usurers. This was the more easy as during the war the Russians had established throughout the country intimate relations with the tribes for the purpose of exporting cattle to Manchuria. The Mongols earned more money than ever before. Their standard of life would have improved but for the terrible exactions of the Chinese usurers. The Russians proposed to deliver them from this heavy burden by means of selling the soil. Many tribes accepted. Having received silver or goods, they offered part of this in definite payment of their old debts. And the Chinese, who are excellent business men, grasped very well the fact that, if they did not agree, they risked, in those troubled times, getting nothing at all, as they had all a thousand times over recouped their capital by scandalous interest, they took the money, wound up their affairs and retired to China.

The Russians, on the other hand, granted to the Mongols, who do not practice agriculture, the privilege of pasture on the grounds sold at a very low rate (as, for instance, two horses a year for a district where ten thousand are bred). The result of this method was marvelous. At the end of 1905 the greater part of the lands belonging to the Khalkha Mongols in Central Mongolia were the property of the Russians. And these were the very tracts wanted for the railway. It was a clever repetition of the cession of the famous "guarantee tracts" which, five miles wide, ran alongside the Manchurian Railway and being considered by Japan as a kind of annexed territory, were the immediate cause of the conflict. In Mongolia, on the contrary, it was thought that nobody had a right to complain, neither China, nor

Japan, nor any maritime power, the tribes, and not the Chinese Emperor, disposing of their own soil, especially as they did not sell it to a foreign State, but to private merchants whom it was impossible to regard as mere lay figures.

Thus at the end of the war, and in spite of Japanese supremacy in Corea and Southern Manchuria, the incurable optimists of Petersburg relied on two facts in order to maintain their former standard of power in Northeastern Asia. They could dispose of a part of Mongolia, and they kept the Dalai Lama at their mercy at Urga. It is easy, then, to find out the *arriere-pensée* of the men who, like the Czar, continued to deal with the internal situation as with a revolution d'opérette, and concocted fantastic plans of Asiatic intrigue, just as if the Czar's moral credit had not suffered at all in China, or in the Buddhist world, or in his own Eastern provinces. The Buddhist clergy, on the Dalai Lama's instigation, had been the real authors of the Boxer movement, so that, this time, the Tibetan Pope being practically the Czar's prisoner, the clergy could again cause trouble in China if Russia thought fit. As to "penetration" in the direction of Kalgan and Peking, of course money was wanting; but the task was to be taken up again later on, and in the meanwhile it was urgent to keep up at least the economic standard of Russia against possible Japanese intrusion. Revival of Russian trade; prosperity of Russian possessions and friendship with the Buddhists: this was to be the provisional programme of Russian policy in the Far East. But this programme, however modest it may seem, proved to be utterly chimerical in practice, even before the Japanese demands concerning the supplementary economic agreement proposed to sanction its complete failure.

It was a matter of immense consequence for Russia to show the Western powers, the Chinese, Japanese and her

own subjects in the Far East, that her military defeat did not at all sap her commercial and industrial undertakings. For the latter had been the sole pretext for taking in hand the rule of Manchuria, for laying out the Vladivostok and Dalny roads, for representing northeastern Asia as one of the most important parts of the empire. If Russia accepted plainly the new Japanese proposals, it would appear at once that in spite of the immense and skillful efforts of some more or less official commercial pioneers, and in spite of hundreds of millions sterling spent on the economic organization of these countries, Russia's position as a colonizing power was not maintainable, and all her successes in founding her Eastern empire on another basis than brute force were mere bluff.

The Japanese know that this is so; and they have already swept away the whole of the commercial colonization that Russia relied upon to consolidate her supremacy. They now want to have this state of things legally recognized by an official treaty. And if Russia hesitates to sign such an agreement, it is because she is well aware that, from the general point of view of expansion, this signature would be far more disastrous for her standard of power than the one Count Witte appended to the Portsmouth Treaty.

Nevertheless, the future economic agreement will be only the sanction of a state of things already existing. Russian commerce and influence are routed not only in southern, but also in northern, Manchuria, in the very Russian district of Kharbin. They are vanishing at Vladivostok and all over Transbaikalia, down to Chita, the Baikal, and even Irkutsk. And at the same time, infiltration in Mongolia is retrograding, and the hoped-for Buddhist friendship has turned to sore animosity.

The Dalai Lama had two reasons for clinging to Russia. In the first place, Russia continued to make him believe that the war against Japan was, above all, a struggle against Anglo-

Japanese conquest in general, and as long as the Manchurian issue was left uncertain, the Buddhist Pope felt authorized to rely on the Czar's prestige in Peking and in London for being re-enthroned in Lhasa. On the other hand, he had a right to be convinced that Russia would, at any rate, even if her influence in China should fail, treat her Buddhist subjects in a friendly way, and support the views of the Great Lama's State Secretary, the Russian Buriat Dorjjeff, whose Russophile policy had been the real cause of the Pope's expulsion, and who did not despair of bringing about a schism, leaving Tibet to herself and uniting the rest of the Buddhist world under the Dalai Lama's rule, the center of this new church being Urga or some other Mongol monastery. As this hypothetical Asiatic Rome was to be, if not under the sceptre, at least under the paramount influence of the Czar, the basis of Dorjjeff's scheme was friendship with Russia.

Unfortunately for Russia, as well as for the poor Pope, the Czar's political ascendancy in China and in England broke down at Mukden (nothing is known in High Asia about Tsushima and the rest), therefore he was obliged to abandon his hope of making a triumphal entrance into Lhasa. At the same time, the Chinese Emperor not only again sent his tax-collectors all over Mongolia (an intervention that had not taken place during the four years of Russian splendor), and thus showed his firm resolution not to consider Russian intrusion as an historical fait accompli, but also dispatched to the Dalai Lama direct orders that all his ecclesiastical decisions must be ratified by the Chinese Amban at Urga, and that he himself must remain in that district, unless specially authorized by the Emperor to take up his residence elsewhere. This was a terrible blow to the Buddhist policy. The Dalai Lama now perceived—too late, alas!—that his flight from Lhasa, instead of delivering him from both English and Chinese suzerainty,

had put him at the mercy of his particular hereditary enemy; he had become no longer a vassal but a subject of the Emperor, and his anger both against Dorjjeff and the Czar is said to have burst out in awful anathemas.

But this was not all. The stubborn policy of counter-revolution in Russia had the immediate effect of placing an insurmountable obstacle in the way of further Russo-Buddhist co-operation. It must be borne in mind that, as early as 1903, that mischievous Minister of the Interior, Plehve, abolished the social status of the Buriat nomads and insisted on having them treated on a level with Russian peasants; moreover, he prohibited the repair of Buddhist temples and strongly supported orthodox proselytism by excluding Buddhists from part of their Russian civil rights. This took place, as I noted in this Review two years ago, just when the Dalai Lama applied for help to St. Petersburg. The Czar was imprudent enough himself to tell a Buriat deputation that the new statute would never be abolished. The impression in Transbaikalia was, of course, very unpleasant; but in presence of the Tibetan question and the necessity of keeping the Dalai Lama on the Russian side, the law was practically put out of effect as soon as Plehve had disappeared. When, however, the revolutionary movement broke out in Siberia, and at the same time the moment seemed propitious to "consolidate" Russian organization in those parts of eastern Asia which the Japanese had left under Russian dominion, the commander-in-chief and the Transbaikalian governors thought fit to make Russian peasants of the Buddhist nomads. The Plehve statute was again rigorously applied. Once more the Buriats addressed a petition to the Czar expressing their "loyal feelings," their "gratitude for having liberty of faith until then," but insisting on the practical impossibility of submitting to the statute treating them as settled agriculturists. The Czar received the deputation on February 13, 1906, in a somewhat cool fashion,

and, putting aside the case in question, addressed to them the following speech: "I shall order your communication to be dealt with by the local authorities. I thank you for your constant and loyal confidence in me and Russia. My journey through Siberia has left me the best recollections of the Transbaikalian district."

As the deputation had come to Tsarskoe Selo precisely to protest against the doings of the local authorities, the Buriats were sure now that nothing more was to be expected from Russia. Their "loyal feelings" rapidly cooled down. Their friends in Mongolia also noted how mistaken they were in trusting to Russian friendship. The clergy, and, above all, the Dalai Lama, felt outrageously betrayed by the Czar. Russia appeared to be as artful an enemy as England. The short but disastrous flirtation with Petersburg and the Russian conquerors suddenly came to an end. The Pope broke off all intercourse with Russians or Russophile priests. He wisely considered that all European sovereigns were equally disloyal to men of another race and faith, and decided to revert to the old Lhasa traditions and shut the Buddhist world up from Christian interference. In reply to the Chinese Emperor's letters, he placed himself at China's command, and thus put a definite end to the strange Russo-Tibetan episode that at one time seemed to determine the political structure of Asia. Russia's role in the Buddhist world is past.

So it is in Mongolia. The Mongols being fanatic Buddhists, the rupture with the great Lama and the oppression, social and religious, of their Buddhist friends by the Czar could not but morally undo what Russian money had brought about. And even on the field of purely economic intrusion, Russian success proved wholly inconsistent. It came to light that the Russians were neither the political masters of the country, nor were they able, as they had promised, to improve, in the long run, the general standard of life. Even before the end of the war the disor-

ganization on the Russian railways and throughout Transbaikalia was such that cattle export to the theatre of hostilities was delayed. When peace was concluded this trade ceased at once. Not only, as might be suggested, because there were no more troops to be entertained; on the contrary, the Russian armies were starving. But revolution took such dangerous forms in Transbaikalia that it was practically impossible to have goods, cattle or men forwarded through the country. Thus the Mongols lost their sole means of earning money, and, of course, regarded the Russians as responsible for this catastrophe, which they had not foreseen. On the other hand, their former business, entirely depending on caravan trade from Pekin to Kiakhta, had broken down on the very day when the first bale of tea had taken the way of Newchwang and Kharbin. And this road was due, likewise, to Russian invention. If, therefore, they were left now without any hope of selling their produce, or earning their living, this was evidently the fault of the Russians. Moreover, the latter had deceived them on the subject of Chinese suzerainty and Chinese taxes. The Chinese Ambans ruled and collected taxes, the Russians keeping quiet. Chinese tradesmen again appeared all over the country, selling goods on credit, which the poor Mongols were unfortunately obliged to accept and even to beg for, the bad Russians refusing to push on the cattle or caravan trade, the sole means of getting cash and keeping out of debt! Russians had bought pasture grounds, it is true, but they would not make a fortnight's journey in order to collect rent worth ten or fifteen roubles. And, indeed, all that remains of the grand conquest is a guard of twenty Cossacks at the Russian Consulate at Urga. For the rest, Mongolia is again what it was eight or eighty years ago. The tide of Czarist power has passed over the steppes without leaving any other trace than poverty and mischief.

In Manchuria the failure was, if pos-

sible, still more mortifying to Russian pride. There Russia had really laid out a splendid scheme of commercial and agricultural colonization. What Russia had done there was so able, so useful and so earnestly intended that impartial observation obliges one to state that if ever a Western power could gain by organizing and by developing the riches of a country a right to claim political sway, this was the case with Russia in Manchuria. Of course, war had been made unavoidable by Russian corruption and the Czar's mania for imperialism. And Japan was right in taking up the succession to Russia when the bulk of the work was done and the country was just ready to yield splendid commercial and industrial results. But it is difficult to ascertain whether Japan, in spite of her expansive power and her extraordinary social drill, would have been able to do what Russia accomplished within five years, owing much less to her military power than to the nichevoism of her officials. At any rate, there can be no doubt that if the principle of the right of a great power to possess colonies is admitted, Japan was utterly wrong in putting forth any claim to commercial or other liberties in that country. The Japanese, as good and artful business men, wanted to profit by the work their rivals had done. And it may fairly be supposed that if Russia had not colonized Manchuria, Japan would not rule her now. For the Western powers would not have allowed her to make so dangerous an attempt on Chinese integrity, and England and America would have taken measures to reserve industrial and commercial privileges for themselves.

Now as it is, Japanese sway in Southern Manchuria is the more stable because Russian power was well organized. The country has been accustomed to be ruled on a Western pattern, and the Japanese were able to begin at the very point where the Russians had stopped work. There is, however, a difference that is not in favor of Japanese methods, at least, so far as



Western interests are concerned. Russian Manchuria was, so to speak, an international colony. Japanese Manchuria is a Japanese province. I need not point out here to how great a degree strangers are excluded from trade, mining and manufacturing all over the country by Japan. Most unpleasant details of this nationalist absorbing system are known. Economic rule, supported by military and police force, is already so heavy that China herself is anxious to have her nominal subjects protected by international intervention, and demands a conference fixing the economic rights of non-Japanese inhabitants.

This at any rate is a country definitely closed to Russian enterprise. But even in Northern Manchuria, in the Amur districts and in Transbaikalia, work is going on to the same effect, in spite of Russian rule and of all kinds of political and other obstacles. And this will prove the deathblow to Russian power east of the Baikal. The commercial prestige which Russia hoped to maintain after the war is rapidly melting away. To some extent this is certainly the consequence of internal disorder. Nowhere has revolution taken on such awful aspects as in Eastern Siberia. There have been large mutinies of starving troops. Railway communication, last winter, was cut off for more than three months. Gen. Rennenkampf, the terrible Cossack chief, was charged to re-establish order from Kharbin to the Baikal. He had been unable to waste Manchuria and rout the Japanese; but he succeeded pretty well in routing the population of all Russian towns on the Transbaikal line, burning thousands of houses, his Cossacks sacking towns and villages, killing thousands of men, women and children and shooting innumerable hostages for the mere purpose of intimidating the inhabitants of other districts.

This frightful method of governing a country that wanted to be treated with more tact than any other part of Russia resulted, of course, in "re-

establishing order," but it resulted at the same time in ruining the population for many years. Innumerable Russians fled and hid themselves—it is strange to say, but very characteristic of the state of things—with the Buriats or in Mongolia. Buriats helped Russian political criminals to get out of prison and reach Chinese territory in Mongolia or Manchuria. In a word, the Russian Government gave to the Japanese as well as the Chinese the idea that the empire was stricken to death and crumbling. Besides this, Russian trade, of course, had entirely disappeared. The railway did not even suffice to forward provisions for the unhappy soldiers left behind in Manchuria. Chinese and Japanese goods, therefore, were all that could possibly be introduced into this unlucky country. The Russian Government itself perceived, it may be suggested, that there was nothing more to be saved. Proposals were made to Chinese officials concerning the sale of gold mines in Northern Manchuria. In the Kharbin district, Chinese and Japanese trade is ruling. Big Japanese firms are working at Vladivostok, Chita and even Irkutsk. In a word, if Japanese and Chinese get the right to travel and do business on the same footing as Russians, there is no doubt that within a few years Transbaikalia will no longer depend on Russia—economically speaking—but on Japan.

And this is the reason why the Czar does not yet submit to the Japanese conditions concerning the execution of Articles XI. and XII. of the Portsmouth Treaty. Russia is to sanction the virtual cession of the whole of her Pacific coasts to Japan, the Japanese claiming the right not only to carry on fisheries, but also to establish at appropriate points of the coast factories connected with the fisheries. These coasts are now inhabited; they will be delivered up to Japanese colonization. Russia will be hustled away from the borders of the Pacific. There are only Vladivostok and Nikolalevsk left—for some time. Japan claims free trade



down to the Balkal, as it existed until 1903. She wants for her subjects equality of commercial rights with Russians over the same territory; that is to say, Russia is to deliver up to Japanese economic sway the whole country east of the Balkal. Moreover, Japan insists on obtaining free navigation on the Sungari, which implies free navigation also on the Amur from the mouth of that river to Nikolaevsk. And this again is likely to isolate and to crush Vladivostok.

Russia cannot possibly oppose these demands, which, as things stand, only legalize a situation already existing or which will inevitably exist in a few months.

Russia would have conceded all this at once, if only she could have been sure that after paying so heavy a ransom the political trouble would not again arise. But of this the Czar seems not to be at all sure. He is con-

vinced—and he may be right—that every Japanese merchant or artisan is a political agent, or, at least, a spy. Vladivostok, Nikolaevsk, Kharbin and Chita are closely watched over by these “artisans of Japanese conquest.” The Russian policy in Asia has been based on the principle that economic sway prepares automatically for political rule. The Czar believes that this principle holds good for Japan as well as for Russia. And, therefore, he is possessed by the firm conviction that Japan, in her proposals for amicable economic agreement, cloaks the design of future political expansion down to the Balkal.

“Japan regards the results of the war not as a term but as a start.” This is the state of mind in St. Petersburg. But even if this were true, would Russia be able to oppose the wave of history, which always runs from East to West?

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## DESIRE.

By H. E. FLECKER.

(From *Idler*.)

Launch the galley, sailors bold!  
Prowed with silver, sharp and cold,  
Winged with silk, and oared with gold.

Silver stream in violet night;  
Silken clouds in soft moonlight;  
Golden stars in shadowy height.

Stars and stream are under cloud;  
Sinks the galley, silver-prowed.  
Silken sails are like a shroud.

## Montenegro.

By ELLINOR F. B. THOMPSON.

(From the Nineteenth Century and After.)

**M**ONTENEGRO is, let us say it boldly, one of the most fascinating corners of Europe. Where else will you find a citadel which for five hundred years defied a whole Empire seventeen times, nay a hundred and seventy times, its size? Where else will you find a race of warriors who for three hundred and fifty years were ruled and led to battle by a bishop; or a people whose ancestors could claim no less than sixty-three victories in twelve years against armies outnumbering them ten or twenty or a hundred times; a people who still wear a black band to mourn their kindred who died on the field of Kossovo—that greater Flodden, when the flower of Slav Christendom fell before the advancing hordes of Islam, more than five centuries ago? Where else will you find a Prince who still wears the beautiful national dress of his country, who knows half his subjects by sight, who for fifty years has himself settled their disputes before his palace door, and who has led his troops to victory in person?

But the Montenegro of to-day is not wholly the Montenegro that inspired the finest of Tennyson's sonnets or the scarcely less glowing eulogies of Mr. Gladstone thirty years ago. The spirit of change has at last touched the Black Mountain, which had so long been the stronghold of unaltered traditions. The last Plantagenet was reigning in England when a handful of Christian Serbs first set up, on the wild rocks

of their natural citadel, the standard of faith and freedom, which their descendants have ever since defended against overwhelming odds, with scarcely a decade's peace, down to our own days. But by the Treaty of Berlin, that last great landmark for good and evil in Balkan history, the independence of the little State—Montenegro is even now not quite so large as Yorkshire, and her population is about the same as that of Leicester—was recognized "by the Sublime Porte and by all such of the high contracting parties as had not already admitted it," and since that time "the swarm of Islam" has no longer surged against the "rough rock throne of freedom." Peace came where for centuries there had been no peace, and settled boundaries, elaborated by commissions, took the place of that debatable territory which had been equally the cause and the result of border raids. The Montenegrin had no longer to fight for the bare rocks of the Black Mountain, and, more than that, the fertile level country around it became his recognized and rightful property. In old days, when the miserable patches of soil, some of them only a few feet square, where the peasant raised his scanty crop between the stones, had yielded an unusually poor return, it had always been possible to retrieve a bad harvest by a raid into the more fruitful plains belonging to Turkish neighbors. But now the mountaineer must himself become an agriculturist, and industry

must take the place of daring and valor. It may be doubted whether the change was altogether welcome. The raising of potatoes and maize and tobacco, or of goats and cattle, must lack variety for a nation of born fighters, when it is unrelieved, year after year, by any call to arms against the Turk, or even by the excitement of a blood feud with a neighboring village.

As soon as the frontiers and status of Montenegro were established, Prince Nicholas set himself to obtain for his people the usual benefits of a civilized State. Provision has been made for elementary and secondary education; there are a few hospitals and many churches now in the country; a daily post comes to Cetinje, and there is telegraphic communication between all the chief places. Good driving roads connect Cetinje with the Austrian port of Cattaro and the Montenegrin port of Antivari, and with the towns of Podgoritz, Danilograd, and Nikshitch, and other roads, which will open up the forests of Eastern Montenegro, are in the process of making. The imports of Montenegro, which in 1905 amounted to about £194,000, then exceeded her exports—cattle, smoked mutton, potatoes and tobacco—by about £120,000. Her total revenue is about £124,000. There is—there has always been—absolute security for the traveller by day or by night. "Mais se n'est pas la mon merite," the Prince said to me, speaking of this fact, "ni le merite de mon gouvernement; c'est inne du peuple meme. We should never dare to make laws for the protection of strangers, for to do so would insult my people. Never in all the history of Montenegro has there been a case when a stranger, who has come among us in kindness, has been insulted or injured."

In publication of the Civil Code in 1888 was a landmark in the history of Montenegrin progress. Certain laws had, it is true, been written down in 1796, during the reign of the Vladika St. Peter, and Danilo the First had, in 1855, produced the Code which bears

his name. This collection of laws was incomplete and almost haphazard, but it is interesting because of the light it throws on the life and character of the people. Theft, cowardice and immorality—these are the vices that seem blackest to the Montenegrin; the thief must be beaten with many stripes, or even put to death; the woman who stole from her husband three times might be divorced; the coward was to be girt with a woman's apron and driven from the country by women with their spindles; the punishment for immorality was death, in the woman's case by stoning.

Prince Nicholas knew his country too well to think of importing a ready-made and totally inappropriate civil code from abroad; and the Code of 1888 is a crystallization, as it were, of the customs of the people, changing and adding as little as possible, though at the same time bringing these customs into harmony with sound general principles. The work was ably carried out by Professor Bogisic, the most learned, probably, of Southern Slavs, whose services were lent to the Prince for the purpose by the Czar Alexander the Second. It was the first time a trained legal mind had been brought to bear on the subject of Montenegrin law, and the task involved many years' close study of the unwritten customs of the country; but the Code, which is framed in simple language—for at that time Montenegro could boast of no trained lawyers to administer it—has been found to work admirably. The sections most interesting to an outsider relate to two institutions, which, though not peculiar to Montenegro, found, formerly, a very complete development there; that is, the Kutch and the Pleme, the house community and the clan.

The house community, or Zadruga, is, or was, common to all the Southern Slavs, but it is unknown in Russia; it finds a counterpart in the village communities of Rajpootana, and Professor Bogisic, who is the chief author-

ity on these subjects, has recently traced a like institution among the Kabyles of North Africa. Roughly speaking, the idea of the Kutcha is that the members of one family, it may be to the third and fourth generation, hold all their property in common; the proceeds of their labor, except under special circumstances, go into the general stock; any male member who wishes to leave the community, or even if he is expelled from it, must have his equal share given him. The Zadruga is not by any means the patriarchal institution it was once supposed to be; it is rather an example of a pure democracy; the Stareshina or Headman is elected, and may be deposed by the community; his sphere of action is strictly limited, and he can do little without the advice of the other members; while his share in the general stock is no larger than theirs. The position of woman in a Zadruga is curious; her larger claims are denied; but, as compensation apparently, she is granted certain small privileges. Where only daughters are left in a family they may inherit their father's property; but where there are sons, the daughters inherit nothing; on the other hand, brothers are bound to find husbands for their sisters, and to provide them with a portion. A girl in a Zadruga has a right to such jewelry, linen, clothes and presents as may come to her; whereas males may claim absolutely nothing as their own, without the express sanction of the other members of the community. The woman's special property remains her own after marriage, and her right to dispose of it, even without her husband's consent, is carefully safeguarded.

The treatment of women in general in Montenegro has always shown the same contradictions. The father was wont to apologize for a daughter's birth: "Pardon me, pardon me, it is a daughter;" the husband to pass his wife on the road without sign of recognition; but the law compelled the priest, three days before her marriage,

to ask the woman if she was satisfied with her bridegroom. The honor of women has always been sacred in Montenegro, and it is not her least glory that the Turkish women and children who came to her as refugees always found safety and kindness in the Black Mountain, and the women who shared—as what Montenegrin women did not?—in the hardships of war are honored in song and story; while it was for the sake of a woman that, in 1516, the last Prince of the Ornoievitch Dynasty gave over the charge of his dominions to Bishop Babylas, the first of the long line of prince bishops, and for the sake of a woman that three hundred and fifty years later the ruler of Montenegro abandoned his spiritual functions.

The Pleme or Clan has played an important part in Montenegrin history; it consists of a collection of families claiming descent from a common ancestor, who own certain lands in common, and who are bound to afford each other mutual help and protection, and to take vengeance on another clan which may have injured one of their number. Each clan formed a separate community, ruled by its own *voivod*, though, when the country was threatened by a common danger, the clans dropped their blood feuds for the moment to take arms under the leadership of the *Vladika* against the Turk. Until the time of Peter the Second (1830-1851) no *Vladika* was powerful enough to actually collect a tax from the clans, though more than one tax had been nominally imposed; and it was Peter the Second also who devised an expedient to check the blood feuds. Criminals were condemned to be shot by a number of men who were chosen from various clans, and who fired at the same time, no one of whom could, therefore, be marked out for vengeance by the criminal's family, and the creation of a bodyguard, chosen in the same way, served the same end. Severe sentences of banishment on unduly powerful members of clans

and the institution of the Kapitans or local magistrates—many of whom are now well-educated and capable men—have done much to break their power.

But the clan feeling still exists. The frontier troubles, which come as regularly as the harvest or the tax collector, are ~~even~~ due to the vengeance taken by Montenegrins on Turks or Albanians who have murdered a clansman living in Old Serbia or Albania. Last summer the disturbances were perpetual, and threatened to become serious; but it was difficult to learn what was really taking place. At Pripolie, one of the ~~three~~ Austrian garrisons in that strange anomaly, the sandjak of Novibazar, a few hours from the scene of the troubles, Austrian officers said cynically: "All that we know is, that the Turkish troops went out with new shoes and came back a few weeks later barefoot." The Turks on their side asserted that the Montenegrins had encouraged their relations in Old Serbia to refuse to pay their taxes, that troops had to be called out to collect them, and that the Christian villagers, most unnecessarily, the Turks said, became alarmed and fled across the frontier into Montenegro. In any case, pourparlers ensued, the peasants were induced to return to their villages, and were promptly massacred by the Turkish troops. Here was material enough for private vengeance, for Montenegro, under her present prudent government, does not now charge headlong into war as she was once wont to do.

A curious light was, however, thrown on the still unchanged conditions of life by the following incident. Three boys were returning to their homes in Montenegro from Uskrub, in Macedonia, where they had just finished their studies with great success at the Serbian gymnasium. They were near the frontier when some Albanians fell on them, killing one child, while the others barely escaped with their lives, wounded and robbed, to tell the story. "It is a sad thing," said a charming and intelligent Montenegrin official, "for

the poor boy who was killed was very promising, and his parents had spent all they had to give him a good education. But the worst of it is, he belonged to a very large family; now, if it had been a small family, we could easily have put them all in prison, till the thing had blown over a little, but we cannot manage to put a large clan in prison, and we are afraid they will be over the border, taking vengeance and involving us in yet more difficulties with Turkey." Imprisonment of the bereaved relations would have been a curious form of consolation at the hands of the paternal government, and I was glad, I admit, that the clan, because it was a large one, was to have its chance—the only chance that existed—or bringing the murderers to justice.

Not the least remarkable change that Prince Nicholas has effected is in the military organization of his country. ~~formerly~~ <sup>formerly</sup> the army had consisted of the "whole nation under arms," and their arms had been, characteristically enough, only the weapons they had taken from their Turkish prisoners or from the slain on the field; courage and practical experience and the natural advantages of their position had taken the place of regular training and modern equipment. But in Prince Mirko's recent wars with the Turks, although they had always been successful, the Montenegrins had suffered heavily, and it was clear that if they hoped to hold their own against the improvement in equipment and discipline which had taken place in the Turkish army since the Crimea, they too must move with the times, and, above all, furnish themselves with artillery. The great difficulty was want of money; the experiment of a standing army of any size had for this reason to be abandoned, and there are now only three permanent battalions and a pioneer company stationed at different places; but the whole country is divided into military districts, and it is estimated that a force of 36,000 men could be put in the field at a few hours' no-



tice, while by the purchase or gift of rifles and heavy guns from foreign countries Montenegro has greatly strengthened her position. She has now her own arsenal and cartridge factory, and her officers are trained in foreign academies. It is interesting to know that the officers who were trained at the Bulgarian Military School at Sofia are considered second to none in general proficiency. The fact that France, Italy, Russia and Serbia have at frequent times by gifts of money or weapons contributed to the development of the army need cause no shame to the Montenegrin. This help was but a return for services and sacrifices in the past.

Venice in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and through her Italy at large, undoubtedly owed her safety not a little to the bulwark formed by Montenegro against the Turkish advance, and she had always requited her ally with characteristic ingratitude. Peter the Great was the first of many Czars who did not scorn to ask the help of the little State to deliver Christendom from the Turks; and from the time of Kossovo onward Montenegro has always been an asylum for all the Serbs who fled to her from their Turkish conquerors, and a rising in the Herzegovina or in Serbia has rarely failed to create a sympathetic movement on the part of the Montenegrins. It is less easy to understand the acceptance of an equipment for a squadron of cavalry from the Sultan, for the Turks certainly owed no debt of gratitude to the neighbors who had always been a thorn in the flesh to them.

The girdle of forts which faces Montenegro all along her Austrian frontier has recently moved her to imitate on a small scale the example of these menacing preparations. Austro-Hungary, like other Continental Powers, is haunted by dread of spies and fear of the camera, and the Montenegrin Government, not to be behind her neighbors, issued orders lately forbidding strangers, rightly enough, to pho-

tograph fortifications. Two French priests were surprised, not long ago, to find themselves arrested on the charge of having photographed some gendarmes in a country town, where there was no trace of a fortification. They had not realized that it is men and not masonry that make the fortresses of Montenegro.

A year ago the Prince startled his subjects by presenting them with a Constitution. The motives that prompted this unsought gift were possibly various. The heir-apparent, Prince Danilo, would probably be more acceptable to the people as a constitutional than an autocratic ruler; the Prince may have wished to lighten his own burdens, and responsible ministers are a convenient institution to refer to when the representatives of foreign Powers urge conflicting courses on a perplexed sovereign.

Moreover, Serbia, Bulgaria, and now Russia herself, each Slavonic State, had her Constitution; Montenegro, the forerunner, the standard-bearer of Slavonic freedom, must not lag behind.

The great Serbian idea—the union, that is, of all Serbian peoples—lurks at the back of the mind of all good Serbs, and he would be a poor Serbian Prince indeed who did not remember that the Empire of the Serbian Czar Dusan once stretched from the Danube to the Gulf of Corinth, and from the Adriatic almost to Adrianople.

It is true that the Empire did not retain its widest extent for more than a decade, and that Bulgarian Czars had earlier ruled over almost the same territory. Historical claims to empire are mutually destructive, and if admitted would work strange havoc with the map of Europe. But the great Serbian idea is a factor which must be reckoned with in Balkan politics, for the Slavs are an imaginative race, and Czar Dusan and his empire are real entities to every little Serbian goatherd in these lands.

Montenegro has, at least, an equal claim with Danubian Serbia to the



most glorious traditions of the Serbs; she was occupied by Servian settlers at the same time as Servia herself; she formed part of the great Servian Confederation of the seventh century, and from the twelfth century, of the Servian Empire, and when that Empire fell at Kossovo, she became a refuge for the aristocracy of Danubian Servia, who could not endure the Turkish yoke. A certain rivalry has always existed between the rulers of Servia and Montenegro as representatives of the great Servian idea, especially as regards the Servians under alien rule in Bosnia, the Herzegovina, and Old Servia; but it was Prince Nicholas's uncle and predecessor, Danilo the Second, who, with characteristic Montenegrin chivalry, said to Milosh of Servia: "Prince, go forward, and I also will go forward. Whenever our ways meet, trust me to be the first to hail you as Czar of the Serbs."

How far the Montenegrins appreciated the gift of a Constitution it is difficult to say. The Slav peasant is inclined at first to resent being asked to think for himself—I except the Bulgarian, who is ready and able enough to do so—even to the extent of choosing representatives to think for him. "I think thou for us, and we will act on thy words," expresses his attitude to a ruler he believes in; if he is consulted, he becomes suspicious and critical; it must be that his ruler does not himself know what to do. The Montenegrin, who has great natural intelligence, is, nevertheless, quite willing to acquiesce in the Gospodar's decisions, but why should his neighbor, who is no wiser than himself, have a voice in the government of the country? At first it seemed that matters would not be greatly changed from the times when the Vladika, having called together the heads of the clans to consult them as to making terms with the enemy, prefaced their deliberations with the warning: "Him that advises compliance I shall instantly excommunicate."

"Under the new Constitution the members of the Supreme Council are appointed by the Prince, and in the *Skupschtina*, though there are sixty-six elected deputies, the high church dignitaries, and generals and ministers of State, who have seats in it, seemed likely to influence the proceedings of the assembly not a little, but the *Skupschtina* of this winter has proved restive, and its attacks on the Government have actually resulted in a change of ministers. If the *Skupschtina* can devise a way to lighten taxation, which is now terribly heavy on the peasant, it will not have existed in vain.

But in spite of the Constitution and the *Skupschtina*, it will be long before the peasant can realize that the Government does not begin and end with the Gospodar. And small wonder, for the Gospodars for fifty years have borne the burden and the heat of the day for him; it was the Gospodar whose victories doubled the territory of the Black Mountain, and it is he, with his distinguished minister, the Voivod Bozo Petrovitch, who has steered the ship through these thirty years of peace, the first Montenegro has ever known. "Que voulez-vous?" said the Prince to me, speaking of the material progress of his country. "Pendant cinq siècles nous avons fait la guerre; we have had no time to think of other things; it is only now that we have begun to build schools and to make roads." Next to the Emperor of Austria, Prince Nicholas has reigned longer than any sovereign in Europe. His fine face, with its dark poet's eyes, shows something of the stress of his life, but there is vigor and power and intelligence in every line of it. There is no more imposing figure or interesting personality in all the Balkans than Prince Nicholas, who is at once a statesman, a general and a poet.

Nothing can be more characteristic than the approach to Montenegro up the windings of the beautiful Bocche di Cattaro from the Adriatic. The

great bare mountain, which rises sheer above the little town of Cattaro, seems to bar the way to all comers, and after nearly four hours' ascent by long zig-zags the traveler finds himself still apparently a stone's throw above the houses, which lie nearly 4,000 feet beneath him. A humble sign-post marks the boundary between Austrian territory and Montenegro, and the road leads on through a characteristic landscape; bare walls of precipice bound each horizon, and on every side are stones in sheets, in piles, in ridges, in cataracts, that seem to offer endless defiance to the peasant who would wring his living out of them.

Niegush, a village lying high in a circle of bare hills, is about half-way on the eight or ten hours' drive between Cattaro and Cetinje. It is distinguished for the least exacting of custom-houses and as the cradle of the Petrovitch family, which for more than two hundred years has given Montenegro her rulers, all of whom have been men of mark. For the rest Niegush is, like all Karst villages, barely distinguishable from the surrounding stones; when the Montenegrin builds himself a habitation, it is, with its thick walls, stone roof, and small loopholes of windows, more like a block-house than an ordinary dwelling-place, and there is, of course, no soil to spare for the cultivation of flowers. But a traveller takes his impressions largely from personal considerations, and it was at Niegush that I made my first Montenegrin friend. In Montenegro one does not wait for introductions; it is enough that you are a stranger, and every Montenegrin feels himself your host. The Kapitan of Niegush, tall, fair, blue-eyed and beautiful in his national dress, is well placed at the outposts of the principality, for the stranger, to whom the Kapitan points out with patriotic pride the charms of Niegush, its pure air and water, its schools and churches, and the great height of Lorchén towering above it, will begin to feel at once the

strange fascination which every scene in the Black Mountain exercises.

Cetinje, the capital, lies among encircling white mountains in a high narrow plateau that is bitterly cold in winter. The town itself—it numbers 4,000 inhabitants—consists of little more than a single street, chiefly of one-storied houses. The royal palaces, some of the legations, and the hotel are almost the only buildings that recall the mansions of a European capital. The relative size of the legations suggests the degree of influence exercised by different Powers in Montenegro.

Russia has always been her special protector, and Austria, her powerful neighbor, has always loomed large in Montenegrin politics, as the palaces of their respective Ministers proclaim; but it is significant of the present change in the aspect of things that the Italian legation, which is now rising from its foundations, will dominate not only the rival embassies but the whole town of Cetinje. The railway—the first Montenegro has ever seen—which before two years are over will connect the port of Antivari with Vir Bazar on the Lake of Scutari, the steamers that will ply between Vir Bazar and Scutari, the development of the harbor at Antivari, and the tobacco monopoly are all Italian enterprises. Scutari is at present the end of all things as far as travel and commerce are concerned, but she may in the future prove a point de depart for Albania in more senses than one. Italy has more ware to put on the Albanian market than Montenegro, and an Austrian advance to Mitrovitza or beyond might be the excuse or the signal for an Italian "penetration" into the mysterious fastnesses of Albania.

Montenegro is too small and too poor a State to stand alone, and Italy, whose queen was a Montenegrin princess, is thus bound to her by family ties, as well as by those of political sympathy. If the policy of Montenegro must be directed from without, it is surely well

that this direction should come from the State, under whose sympathetic influence South Slavonic art and culture attained at Ragusa their highest expression.

The most notable buildings in Cetinje are, of course, the monastery where the Vladikas are buried, and the tower, which was once kept garnished with trophies of Turks' heads; but the single street, wide and spotlessly clean, is a perpetual joy to the traveller, for the picturesque population of Cetinje seems to have unlimited time to wander up and down it. Nothing can be more becoming than the dress of the men; a long white or pale-green coat—the cloth, alas! is made in Vienna—hanging very full below a colored sash, the receptacle of the weapons without which no Montenegrin would feel able to face the world, a red waistcoat with heavy gold embroidery, full blue knickerbockers, high-topped boots, or white gaiters, and a red cap, on which the Prince's initials are worked. The women, who have not time to put on their best dresses as often as the men, wear a long sleeveless coat, generally of pale apple-green, over a chemise, round the neck and down the front of which runs a narrow band of colored embroidery; the patterns, which have been handed down for generations, are often charming. There is sometimes gold embroidery at the corners of the coat, and sometimes a velvet waistcoat is worn under it. The skirt has a tendency to become European in form. The hair is braided and worn round the head in a simple coronal, which is infinitely becoming to the straight classical features of a beautiful Serb.

Not the least interest of the Cetinje street is that the Prince may often be seen there, driving himself in a low pony carriage, a couple of peasants, perhaps, walking by his side, eager to tell the Gospodar some trouble or to get his advice; or the Princess, a beautiful old lady, with the profile of a fine cameo, the highest type of her beautiful

race. And where else but in Cetinje would you see the Prime Minister sitting before the door of the Foreign Office in the cool of the evening, or the Minister of War, fully armed and ready apparently at any moment to direct the movements of troops in person?

I chanced to be in Cetinje on the name-day of the saint who presided at the conversion of the Princess Hériltière, and I think it would be difficult to find a handsomer collection of men than the procession of notables—state-ly volvods and ministers, kapitans and dashing officers—who went from the church to the palace to congratulate the Princess. The Montenegrin walks as though he had only just come back from a victorious engagement with the Turks, and the swing of light green coats and glitter of embroideries produce a brilliant effect. "In Montenegro every one is a gentleman," a peasant woman in the Herzegovina once said to me: she herself was a ragged princess with bare feet and an acre of stony hillside to call her own, but with the grand air and the beauty that so often distinguish these mountain races.

The heights which encircle Cetinje drop toward the south by steep gorges to the plain of Scutari, and so form the bastions of the citadel of the true Black Mountain. The road to Podgoritzza passes the village of Rieka, picturesquely overhanging the river, down which a little steamer makes its way through beds of water lilies to the lake. Above Rieka once stood the fortress of Obod, near which Ivan the Black is supposed, like Frederick Barbarossa, to lie asleep till his people's need awakes him. It was at Obod, too, that only seven years after Caxton had printed his first book, the Servian ruler of the Zeta, as this district was called, put up his printing press, which he afterward carried with him into the mountains, when the Turks drove him out of the plains.

Podgoritzza is a straggling town, inhabited chiefly by Albanians and Turks, who camp rather than settle,

and seldom think it worth while to repair the dilapidations time makes in their dwellings. A mile or two behind Podgoritz, under the hills, is the site of the ancient city of Dioclea, the reputed birthplace of the Emperor Diocletian, the early capital of the Zeta and the cradle of the Nemanja family, Serbia's greatest czars. I reached Dioclea about sunset, the only bearable hour of a breathless August day. The bare mountains of Kolashin and Albania and the dim plain toward the lake were softened into dreamy outlines, and the splendid sky suddenly brought color and richness into the landscape of monotonous whites and grays. By the single span bridge over the river, near which Dioclea was built, there is an old Turkish fortress, a brown massive almost windowless place, with rounded walls. Beyond the river, the vague fields are strewn with fallen columns, carved stones and outlines of many foundations. A low flight of broad marble steps and a long paved walk lead up to what was once the palace entrance; the walls are still standing up to the level of the window sills, but within ivy and tangled undergrowth have taken possession. All was entirely silent, entirely deserted. It was from Dioclea that St. Sava—that gentle mystical figure, peacemaker in family feuds and national quarrels, founder of the Servian Church—set out on his pious journey to the East seven hundred years ago, to bring back holy relics for the churches he had built in his native land.

When I left Dioclea the moon had risen and the river lay like a yellow streak beneath the black arch of the bridge; the memories and influences of the distant past seemed to cling undisturbed about the ruined city in the peaceful fields under the mountains of this wild borderland.

The road from Podgoritz to Nikshitch follows the valley of the Zeta, which here and there widens into a fertile plain, some six miles across. It passes the towns of Spuj and Danilo-

grad, the latter a bazar center of some importance, and climbs the long mountain side that faces the Monastery of Ostrog, the Lourdes of the Eastern Church, to which pilgrims of many faiths and many lands come for relief of their ills. The upper monastery consists of a series of caves in the side of precipitous cliffs, approached by steps in the rock. This upper monastery has been the scene of Homeric conflicts, such as abound in Montenegrin history. It was here, in 1862, that Prince Mirko, father of the present Prince, and one of the finest of his race, with a handful of companions, for nineteen days defied a whole Turkish army, finally effecting a safe retreat through the midst of them; and a hundred years before thirty Montenegrins held the caves successfully for months against 30,000 Turks, their marksmen picking off all who ventured near. Ten times has the lower monastery been burned, but only once for a short time did the Turks occupy the upper monastery.

I chanced to make my pilgrimage to the tomb of Saint Vasil, when the body of the saint had just been uncovered for the devout kisses of a peasant family, who had brought a white-faced baby for his aid. Below in the guest room I saw a sick Albanian Bey, a Mussulman, who was staying here a second time in the hope of a cure at the hands of the saint. My driver, a boy belonging to the wild gipsy race, which in the East is alternatively Christian and Mohammedan, although it is received and recognized by neither confession, told me that his brother had been brought to Ostrog bound with ropes, a raving lunatic, and had left it a few hours later cured and sane. At the monastery entrance we passed a woman spinning by the roadside. To my surprise my driver overwhelmed her with a torrent of bad language. "Don't you know," he said to me in explanation, "that it is very bad luck to pass or meet any one working by the roadside? Every one knows they

have no right to sit and work there. But now I have cursed her well," as he certainly had, "and it won't do you any harm." I had already had painful experience of the truth of another Balkan superstition—namely, that it is unlucky to meet a pope on the road, though popes of course must sometimes travel. A meeting with a pope in the morning had undoubtedly coincided with an arrest on two occasions, once with a carriage accident and another time with a waterspout.

Nikshitch, the second town in Montenegro, was taken from the Turks by Prince Nicholas, after four months' siege, in his victorious campaign of 1876, and the Powers, with unwonted generosity toward the State they had so often made use of and then neglected, allowed Montenegro to retain the strip of fertile country her arms had won. Will they ever give back to her the coast line which Nature destined for her, and of which the selfishness of a Great Power has deprived her?

Nikshitch, where the Prince has built a new palace and a simple stately church overlooking the plain, would in many ways be a better site for a capital than Cetinje; a railway along the valley of the Zeta, which would follow the example of that strange, half-underground river, and tunnel through the mountains that divide the plateau of Nikshitch from the valley of Bielopavilitch, might some day connect it with Vir Bazar and the sea. But the historical claims of Cetinje are too powerful to be overlooked, and the Great Powers, which have invested large sums of money in building their legations at Cetinje, are not likely to consent to a change of capital.

From Nikshitch I rode to the frontier through the long windings of the Duga Pass, the Thermopylae of Montenegro, through which the Turks so many times advanced to attack the Black Mountain, and through which the Prince led his people on the celebrated march across the Herzegovina. One of the guides, whom the Prince in his

kindness had sent with me, a blue-eyed stalwart of the old best type, Krsto by name, had been with the army and remembered many details of the fighting. "But you must have been very young then?" I said. "Oh, no, not very young, I was thirteen or fourteen, and there were many boys with us much younger. We took hundreds of Turkish prisoners," he went on, "and they all expected that we should cut off their heads, but the Gospodar is very merciful, and he would not let us do it, but he gave the Turks money, and sent them away to their own country. And where there was most fighting, there the Gospodar would go, and his tent was in the midst of us."

Midway in the pass was Krsto's home, and there in a little booth, which his sons had raised and covered with ferns, we feasted on sour milk and coffee and honey. It was a twelve hours' ride to the frontier, and darkness came on before we reached it. The single room of the khan where we halted did not attract me, and I told my servant to arrange my traveling bed somewhere in the open. An hour later, after a vague meal, when I found my way in the darkness across the hillside to the white patch formed by my mosquito net, which my servant regarded as the nearest equivalent to a tent, I noticed that the immediate surroundings were unusually stony, even for Montenegro. "This place seems very like a cemetery," I said doubtfully to the old guardsman. "Well, yes, it is a cemetery," he admitted apologetically, "but we put you here because we thought you would be less disturbed. You see, none of the villagers will come here because of the ghosts." "But what am I to do with the ghosts?" I asked, with some concern. "Oh," he said, "they are only the ghosts of the Turks we killed here forty years ago, and really I think they must have all gone away by this time." The place was Krstatz, where seven hundred men, it is said, fell in 1876, five Turks for every Montenegrin. But the poor



ghosts were still and silent that night, though a thunderstorm played over the hills, and a bitter wind took possession of the pass and blew my mosquito net far away among the tombstones.

The lonely hut of a border kapitan, on a little hill of its own midway across the pass, marks the boundary here between Montenegro and the Herzegovina, and from this point the Prince's guards turned back; their crimson uniforms, as they rode away up the stony track, made the only touch of color in the sombre scene.

The future of Montenegro must be a matter of some concern to those who feel admiration for her past and sympathy with her present. She has always inspired an interest out of all proportion to her size and importance, and the sentiment of Europe—if such a thing exists—would surely be against any idea of her partition or absorption by other Powers. It is rather in her internal condition that the danger lies. The Montenegrin lost his occupation when he ceased to fight the Turk, and it is a dangerous thing to take away the *raison d'être* of a man's life and to give him nothing in return. But

Montenegro has not the capital to start commercial enterprises or even to develop her harbors, and her past has hardly been a training in the arts of peace. It is not fair to blame the Montenegrin government if these thirty years of peace have been marked by no more startling progress. To expect great developments is to ask figs of thistles or, literally, that stones may be made bread. The lightening of taxation and the spread of agricultural science would do much to stem the tide of emigration and to improve the general condition of the country, and, above all, the Montenegrin will have to learn that he cannot rest only on the laurels of the past, and that there is a dignity in labor and no shame. It is well if the national character, with its passionate love of freedom, its devotion to the bare rocks of the Black Mountain and its fine simplicity, has not deteriorated in these years of inaction. Let us at least remember that Montenegro, by the example of her matchless courage, has done more for Europe than Europe has done or can ever do for Montenegro.

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## THE WINDOW.

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By AGNES S. FALCONER.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

Some may have their solitudes  
Of spacious glades in leafy woods,  
Or sunlit meadows stretching far,  
Where with green grass white blossoms war;  
Or high-walled gardens, rose beset,  
Where never wakes a wind of fret,  
But morn to even, all day long,  
Bird after bird maintains the song.  
Mine own soul finds, whate'er befall,  
A cloister chamber white and small,  
Musicless and picture bare,  
But open to the salt sea air.

There my lone soul sits all day,  
Neither discontent nor gay,  
Looking from the casement high  
Across gray seas, beneath gray sky.  
What hath she hope to see afar?  
Perchance a sail, perchance a star.  
She knows not what her vigil means;  
Evermore she looks and leans.  
Through some mystic sense she knows  
Whatever fails, whatever goes,  
This window, o'er the sad, gray sea,  
Opens toward Eternity.



## The Joint in the Harness.

By "OLE-LUK-OIE."

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

"A dreadful sound is in his ears: in prosperity the destroyer shall come upon him."—(The Book of Job.)

"Railways are the arteries of modern armies. Vitality decreases when they are blocked, and terminates when they are permanently severed."—("Imperial Strategy." 1906.)

### I.

**H**ISS—click—Bang."

The monster pile sank perceptibly as the monkey descended with a thud, and the ooze at its foot quivered in ripples of protest which expanded into circles of silver where they caught the electric light. A gout of oil shooting out on to the mud formed a blot of nacreous color, which, slowly fading as it spread, became lost in the film of scum. The steam piledriver rained vicious blows with almost the precision of a Nasmyth hammer, its armored hose steampipe kicking convulsively in the air in a grotesque dance to the measure.

A young man sat in his shirt sleeves smoking, watch in hand. He was a pleasant-looking young fellow—the engineer officer on duty. Every now and again he made a note in a pocketbook as he took the time, for he was timing progress. Slow work it seemed to him, this advance by inches, as each blow produced small visible result in the tenacious silt; but if slow it was sure and not entirely mechanical, for every stroke with its hiss-click-bang seemed to him to say in a tone of cheerful confidence, "so-much-done," "sso-much-DONE." It was the pile-driver that regulated the progress.

The honest fellow who was apathetically jerking at the string of the steam regulator did not seem to be moved by any such thoughts. A sleek man, he puffed contentedly at his pipe, quite oblivious to the beautiful iridescence of the condensed steam and lubricating oil which showered over him from the exhaust at each stroke. His companion in this shower bath sat on the edge of the coal bunker, fumbling, after the fashion of his kind, with a piece of dirty waste. His gaze wandered from the wabbling needle of the pressure dial to the water dancing up and down in the gauge glass in the dim light of the oil lamp. He occasionally rose and opened the furnace door to throw in a shovelful of coal, thus casting a warm red glow over the glistening objects at railhead. For this spot was "Railhead," which was to be hastily pushed across the river on this temporary pile bridge at low level, pending the slower repair of the high-level girder bridge—broken by the enemy.

The pile-driving machine was carried on a caterpillar-like truck of many wheels, some of which were clamped to the rails of the bridge. At its rear end was the boiler; in front, supported by long arms, which overhung the end of the bridge by some distance, was the gaunt framework and guide, almost

hugging the pile which the monkey above was maltreating. The end of the bridge had reached a point about the center of the river, where the water shoaled on to a sandy mud flat; but from below the many wheeled truck, back to the near bank of the river, the dark stream was swirling against the piles, a man's height underneath. So swift was the current, it was not good to gaze for long down between the sleepers at the oily water streaking past with a chuckle, from the moonlight into the shadow of the bridge and out into the light again.

Behind the pile driver, by the loaded trucks, waited a group of men. They were for the time all quite idle, pending the arrival of their turn with its allotted task. Some were lying asleep, some were leaning against trucks smoking, or sitting on the rails, head in hand, elbows on knees; others were squatting on the timbers playing a mysterious game of cards by the light of a naked candle, which burned steadily without a shade, so still was the air.

In their dirty suits of dungaree, it was not possible to say exactly what these men were. To a soldier, however, the fact that these were soldiers was hinted at by the action of some. One was drumming with two bolts on a fish-plate, keeping time to the lilt of a rollicking rag-time air which a second was softly playing on a mouth organ. Whatever their race—for music halls have made ragtime music international—it was more like a soldier than an ordinary workman to produce a mouth organ to keep things going in the small hours of the morning. Their talk settled the point: they were soldiers—sappers to be exact.

Their task would soon come, when at the last stroke of the monkey a new pile would have to be hauled into position, or, if a pile-plier were completed, the heavy baulks be placed and the sleepers and rails spiked down. Then the cumbrous, caterpillar truck would be slowly pushed forward over the

creaking timbers of the newly finished span to a fresh position, where its paean of brute force would start again. Behind these men, along the pile-bridge, stretched a line of trucks loaded with baulks, rails and sleepers; and alongside, down stream, floated fresh piles, swaying to and fro in the stream as they waited to be towed out in their turn. In the half gloom they seemed like captive saurians, as the flood foamed against the blunt snouts and their wet edges gleamed.

There was bustle, there was haste, but there was also method on this low-level bridge. For long periods comparative calm reigned, with no sound but the hiss of steam, the rush of the water, the roar of the high-pressure flare lights, the distant clang of the riveters' hammers on high, and the refrain of the pile driver, monotonous on the night air as the tom-tom obligato of a Persian nautch song. But when the whistles shrilled, this peace, such as it was, changed to turmoil, as sheaves squealed in the blocks, men grunted as they hove on the falls of tackles, and bolts and spikes were hammered home. The insistent keynote of the scene was work—strenuous, unresting work.

The river was wide. Even allowing for the deceptive moonlight, it seemed a quarter of a mile from bank to bank. A burnished strip in the bright light of a full moon, it was dotted here and there with eyots that stood out dark. It flowed between steep banks at the bottom of an amphitheatre—a complete circle of hills, save for the gaps through which ran the river and the railway which had crossed it. Away on the far side, starting from a point on the dry sand, in prolongation of the pile bridge, and swinging in a double curve up the steep bank, were a number of lights—smoking naphtha lamps. Below, in the bed of the river, groups of men were digging out boulders, the metallic click of their crowbars sounding faintly across the water. Ant-like strings of workers were carrying the

loosened stones to a causeway which was growing up in alignment with the bridge. Higher up, following the curve of lights, and silhouetted against clouds of illumined dust, a swarm of toilers were excavating the cutting which was to take the steep deviation loop from the level of the pile bridge up to the main line.

But after all, neither this bridge nor its approaches—though at present the center of pressure and activity—was the feature of the scene; for right up, 60 feet above, loomed the broken high-level bridge. With its huge girders and titantic piers, it dwarfed its lowly neighbor and dominated the scene, its grandeur accentuated by the chasm of the break in its center.

In this gap stood three unharmed piers, like sentries, gaunt, black and shining. A fourth—the damaged pier—was surrounded by a cluster of staging and tall derrick masts, dripping ropes and tackle, and was completed on top by a funnel mouth, the undersides of which stood out darkly against the arc light above. In the centers of three of the broken spaces were large timber stages, each in a different state of completion, but all alike in that they twinkled with lights and swarmed with men, some climbing, some in slings, but all hammering, boring, or sawing like demons.

Between the piers lay the broken girders, moved to one side, half in half out of the water—a network of iron through which the muddy river foamed. Above the derricks and the tangle of cordage—carried on timber frames at intervals along the girders—two steel cables gleamed in the moonlight.

Every few minutes, with the bleat of a motor horn, a dark body, upon which glowed a red lamp, silently glided out upon them from one end of the bridge to a point above the broken pier. It stopped, a trap opened, and a glistening cascade of concrete poured with a rattle into the maw of the funnel and so down into the hollow iron pier. Then the dark body slid back to its lair at the

bridge end as silently as it had come out. Beyond, under the big girders, could be seen a floating bridge which stretched from bank to bank.

The spectacle of the colossal bridge reaching out majestically from each dim bank, with this gaping wound in its center, was pathetic. The blank ends stood up opposite each other, dumb but reproachful witnesses of the havoc below.

From a little distance it was quite a fairy scene. The great harvest moon shone down, flooding the whole landscape with peaceful light. Above the high-level bridge the blinking arc lamps shed their violet rays, thrown downward by the shades, so that they formed shimmering cones with edges clear defined against the night beyond. In contrast the under side of the bridge seemed cut of black velvet, and the dark shadows danced on the water.

The riveters' fires along the girders glowed red, the flare lights on the low-level bridge shone yellow, and golden was the glare on the dust clouds on the far bank. The crudity of the colors in places seemed softened by the spirals of escaping steam, winding aloft in the calm night air, and the whole gamut of illumination was reproduced in the drawn-out quivering reflections which reached across the glistening waters to the sluggish pools near the shore.

It was not a safe place to walk about, for there were loose planks, greasy spots, bights of ropes and other traps for the unwary. Things were continually falling. Sometimes a red-hot rivet would drop from above with a flop and a hiss into the river. Occasionally a warning shout of "stand clear!" would ring out, followed by a crash, and perhaps a couple of men would slowly bear away something on a stretcher to the shore. But no one else stopped; there was no sympathetic gathering; the work continued without a pause.

Now and again from a hilltop to the north the darkness was pierced by a succession of flashes—flash, flash,

flash. Flash, flash, flash, came the reply from somewhere to the south, and then—a long medley of dots and dashes between the two points. No use to try and read the messages, even for one knowing the code, for these were in cipher. If there were still any doubt as to the nature of the toilers this would settle the matter, for no civil works could require signalling posts on the hills around.

The great moon grew more mellow as she sank. A mist rose from the waters, creeping up till it lay a solid white mass over the river, halfway up the giant piers: a damp mist suggestive of malaria—not one to spend a night in; but no workers left the bridge.

The moon faded blood-red into the haze. The air turned colder as the night wore on. Another day dawned, at first grey and sad, then rosy and golden. But, heedless of the glory of the changing heavens, the workers toiled on, and, though muffled, there could be heard rising from the moist white blanket the song of the pile-driver.

The mist curled off the water in thin wisps in the warmth of the rising sun; the lights went out and the scene of the night's toil stood revealed. The day exposed all the squalor, grime and discomfort—the muddy swirling water, the weary bedraggled men, the burnt-out lamps, dripping timbers and rusty iron work. Even those iridescent blots which had seemed so beautiful in the light of the moon, or in the glare of electricity, showed up for what they were—foul pools of viscid oil or tar. The glamour of the night had indeed gone, but not the need for work, and still the toilers strove, for they were working for their comrades of the army ahead—perishing for want of food and in danger owing to the lack of munitions of war.

## II.

It was again night.

Throughout the livelong day the

work had proceeded as shift relieved shift.

It was not till some time after the mist had risen that the same young engineer, once again on night duty, left the work. Closing his note-book, he picked his way, stepping carefully from sleeper to sleeper, lantern in hand, along the low-level bridge, which had grown in length and by now passed the little mud flat. He buttoned his jacket as he went, for, no longer at work, he felt the damp chill of the mist, which was dripping from his hair and mustache. A thick-set man, his squatness was exaggerated by his bulging pockets filled with note books, while from one of his breeches pockets protruded a footrule.

As he passed under the glare at the end of the bridge it could be seen that he was smiling. Of a sanguine temperament, he was cheered by the progress of his work at a time when others were depressed. Stumbling on abstractedly over the lighted area into the comparative gloom on the dry mud beyond, he had proceeded scarcely a hundred yards and just climbed above fog level when a hoarse voice addressed him from the shadow of a bush, where a man was sitting smoking. It was that of the Railway Traffic Officer.

"Well, my Captain of Plumbers, how goes it? Aren't you across yet?"

"Hullo, Shunter-in-chief, is that you? What are you doing down here, away from your beloved yard? What is your grumble now? Come, talk with me a while and learn something."

"Oh, I'm taking half an hour off, watching your pretty illumination and looking for you in this deadly mist. Things above are quite hopeless. Sit down and smoke."

"No, I'm too cold. You come and stroll, or dance with me all in the moonlight, you old truck-fancier." With that he executed a *pas seul*, scuffling about in what he called a "cellar flap."

The other got up and joined him, but not in the dance. A taller and older

man, he was hollow-chested and thin. It was light enough to see that he wore uniform, and had a serious expression. He coughed violently.

"I say, it's just as well you don't have to work in that mist; you would soon cease to trouble us. With that cough, I can forgive you for hogging it in the lap of luxury up above, so snug among your trucks. Walk as far as the pontoons?"

With that the "plumber" took a frayed cigar out of his pocket, examined it ruefully and lit it, and the two strolled off toward the invisible pontoon bridge.

"You seem very cheerful, young man, and not as if you had just spent half a shift in that fog. Have you struck a spouting well of liquid gold with that beastly noise machine of yours, or have you discovered a ford fit for railway traffic? What is it? I don't see much to dance about."

The "shunter" was not of a sanguine temperament, and was a much-worried man. Moreover, as time went on he had not the satisfaction of seeing visible progress made. On the contrary, every hour made his position more hopeless and more complicated.

"That's just it; we should make the most of all our little gifts, and smile at anything we can, just now. Old man, she's a beauty. That little steam pile-driver is going to save the situation—to save the third army. Just listen to her now, snorting and butting so cheerily down there. It's music."

He continued, "I've now timed sixteen more beastly piles and four spans being put in, and it will take us, at the present rate, earthquake excepted, just fifty-one hours from midnight, say forty-eight from now, till the rails are fished up and the first train runs across. Let's see; this is Monday morning. That is, by 3 o'clock the morning after next—Wednesday. I told my chief 6 o'clock, yesterday, and as the commandant has wired that all over the continent, I shall let it stay at that, which will give me a margin of three

hours for 'unforeseen contingencies'; not that it is necessary, 'cos there ain't going to be any. I've foreseen all. The men want no driving, they are still working like devils. I tell you, 'Mit Hast, ohne Rast' is our motto; but I wonder how long they can stand the strain. Some are already used up. Eight hours on and eight hours off is pretty stiff, you know, and the mist knocks out all the chesty ones. But it's the knowledge of what their pals are suffering that keeps them going. Well, I think the third army should see the first train reach them, say, at noon on Wednesday; followed, I suppose, by a solid stream of 'em. However, my job is done when the first train gets across."

"Oh, I'll shove trains enough across when the time comes, but they won't be the trains they want first. Before I prepare for this great event, tell me, Are you sure? Have you taken every factor into your calculations—made allowance for everything?"

"Yes, old croaker, everything. I've foreseen every single thing within the wildest dreams of probability. The deviation approach on this side is already done, and is working. The earth-work on the other side 'll be done in twelve hours and the rails laid in twelve more, so all that will be done before my show. If only we could have put in trestles instead of piles, we should have been across this cursed river by now. I am sorry for the never-to-be-sufficiently-execrated fool who reported that this river could be trestled. He will be the cause, if the army gets scuppered; but he'll probably arrange to be killed, I should think. Anyway, taking the pile-bridging as the slowest part, it is the ruling factor, and fixes the time, and I tell you it is moving—'Mit Hast, ohne Rast' is our—"

"Oh, damn your motto; if you say it again, or talk of Sturm und Drang, I'll hit you. How about accidents—floods?"

"All right, all right; slowly, softly,



catches monkey. There's not the remotest chance of any accident. I have crowds of timber, piles and stuff all ready. The driver ain't a sensitive plant exactly, and the boiler is new and working at low pressure. As to floods, the glass is high, and they can give us forty-eight hours' warning of any storm away up in the hills yonder, and it's got to be a big flood to rise over my bridge—and that will be finished in fifty-one—I mean, forey-eight hours. Besides, even if we do have a flood, so long as we are able to rush across all the wagons you have in your yard—and engines—before it arrives, it won't much matter. That little lot will be enough to keep the army shooting and eating for some days, and by then the high-level bridge will be repaired enough to run over—then so much for the enemy's great demolition!"

"How about the enemy interfering?"

"This place simply stinks of men now since we got the extra infantry and guns—you know perfectly well. They would need a much larger force than they can spare to attack it. The line ahead has been cut several times already, but any footling damage they can do is made good as soon as done; they can't touch us here, though, and this is the spot." He sighed, as he continued: "What a time those poor devils at the front must have had! We've not been sitting on plush settees eating oysters exactly—have we?—but we've always got our 'vittles reg'lar.' Now, you tell. I've been so busy down below, I heard nothing."

"I only know that they have further reduced rations, how much reduced I can't say, as the chief keeps a good deal of the worst news to himself—I mean, what would cause despondency, and would not be of use to us to know. They've fired almost their last round of gun ammunition; they have had a lot of more sickness in the last two days, and they are now dying like flies. It's touch and go whether they can last. It's awful."

"I suppose you're working your head off."

"Pretty well. I do nothing but send and answer wires, receive traffic, and see stray idiots who want to go to the 'Front.' The yard's so crowded with trucks we can't move. I have now 453, including forty-five of ammunition; we have already added ten extra sidings, and shall have many more down by the time you're through with the bridge. And what annoys me is, that though I wire till I am blue to stop all trains, the fools keep on automatically cramming up more. They say that the little bridge away back at ninety-four is weak, and they're rushing everything over they can, in case it breaks. That's your doing. That comes of you scamping your work."

"Couldn't help it; had to get through. It has already carried more trucks than you can deal with, so I don't see what you are grouching about. After we've done here I can see to it again."

"You'd think they might know at the front what a state we are in here; place stiff with trucks chock-a-block. Well, the supply officer comes to me with all the fool-telegrams he gets, asking for individual pet trucks to be sent up with first train. Single trucks to be sorted out from this mess, mind you! Why, I shan't be able to let them have even whole trains in order of urgency. I must just let them have what comes—I can't shunt. They would have had five trains of forage first, if I hadn't been able to off-load it."

"You'll be hanged if you don't send up trucks in the exact order they're wanted. That's what you're for, to sort out and arrange trucks, nothing else. When their stomachs are full again at the front, and their tails are up, they will remember, and some one on the staff will say: 'Where is that incompetent officer who sent up truck 45672 loaded with Gruyere, instead of 45627 loaded with Double Glo'ster? Haul him out! Try him! Shoot him! Waster!—doesn't know his job.' They



won't believe you were crowded, my boy, not they. Oh, yes, whatever happens you'll be hanged all right."

With that he whistled offensively.

"Daresay. Can't help it. Can't off-load and reload trucks with no room. As you are here, I wish you would come up and see after numbers eleven and twelve sidings. There is some hitch, and they are not shoving on as they should. That's one reason why I was looking out for you. I'm expecting two more trains before morning. The main line will be solid with trains and cold engines soon—a lot are cool already—the brutes have emptied the boilers to make their coffee."

"Right-o. Cheer up. I'll come up on my way, though it's 'against professional etiquette,' as the 'doc' would say. It's not my job."

"By the way, we caught a brute in plain clothes about two hours ago up near the forage. He had a lot of fuzees, and dropped a can of kerosene. We tried him on the spot, and——"

"Yes, we heard it, and wondered what the shooting was about."

"Just imagine, if the forage had been set on fire. How are you against that sort of thing down here?"

"Outpost system excellent——"

"I know, but I mean single spies. One man with a dynamite cartridge would upset all your nice estimate, my boy. Have you allowed for that possibility?"

"That's all right," chuckled the other. "The place is so well organized and guarded that not a man could get near the bridge, or dynamo, or engines, without being seen. It's all lit up near the shore ends, and, where required, like a billiard table. They can't get near it, unless they have trained birds or rats to carry dynamite on their tails—eh, what?"

The idea tickled them, and both laughed as they arrived at the deserted pontoon bridge—all strained into a curve by the current. A guard at the end, and sundry cable watchers seated cross-legged like images of Buddha on

the decks of the pontoons, were the only signs of life.

"Pretty dreary for those poor devils in the mist," said the engineer. "Why is there no traffic now?"

"No transport. We've sent up all we have and can get. That big capture took a lot; crowds of animals have died and motors broken down. Anyway, road transport is no good to deal with the bulk we have to handle. No one expected such delay here, thanks to that infernal fool. The railway is the only thing possible—railway and trucks." Trucks were his obsession.

Turning back toward the pile bridge, they went down into the mist, where an engine was standing on the low level; and, with much panting from the little locomotive and shrieking of wheels against the guard rails, they were soon speeding out of the mist up the steep grade and sharp curves of the newly laid deviation approach.

As they moved along their nostrils were greeted with a succession of odors, ranging from the stench of river mud, through that of dead animals and refuse puts, up to that of tarpaulins and forage, as they got in the "yard." The quiet moon seemed to have drawn up and distilled from the earth all its scents, which hung heavy in the still air. From the top of the bank the white tents of the sleeping troops in the different camps could be seen, for by this time many men as well as trucks had collected at this congested spot, and there was quite a small army composed of "details," detachments and individuals seeking their regiments—the flotsam and jetsam of the communications.

This yard, that seemed to weigh on the shunter's mind so much, was a maze of loaded trucks, nothing but rolling stock. He must indeed have been a fancier, that railway traffic officer, for his collection was large and varied. Here were covered trucks, open trucks, box trucks, short trucks, bogie trucks, black trucks, brown trucks, grey trucks—all full of supplies

for the army ahead. This mass had overflowed the original fan of sidings, and fresh ones had been laid everywhere, inside the yard, outside the yard, even down the streets of the little village—everywhere where the ground was fairly level. At one corner stood huge mountains of forage, some not even covered. At frequent intervals in the lanes between the lines of rail strode sentries. Above spluttered electric lights, whose beams were reflected from the shining tarpaulins, and in places there were lamps under the wagons to illumine the dark corners where a man might lurk. On high the red and green lights of the signals twinkled derisively as they waited for the traffic which did not come. The station itself was a roofless ruin.

The engineer proceeded toward a cloud of dust lit up by flare lights which showed the position of the work on the new sidings, leaving the shunter in his element. After very few minutes he picked his way over to the office of the commandant, to report to his own chief, who was with the latter. The commandant was busy, even at this hour, for he had just got a chance of a talk on the wire to his distressed senior, the commander-in-chief of the third army. As the plumber entered he heard—

"Yes, we shall be through without fail at six on Wednesday morning, and you will have your first train in the afternoon.—What?—Yes.—What?—No, that's the very best we can do. Afternoon of Wednesday.—Yes—yes.—Till then.—Of course—I know.—Yes.—We are—hustling all we know—" The speaker looked up—

"Hullo. You've not come to tell me that you will have to put off the time of getting through, again?"—he snarled in his anxiety. "You've heard what I told the chief? Is that still right?"

"Quite right, sir; same time—six on Wednesday morning." was the reply.

"I'll tell him again—'Hullo—hullo—' Nonsense—eh, what?—line cut again? Damn these brutes, they cut

the line every two minutes. This is the first talk I've had with the chief for thirty-six hours. However, I told him the main thing luckily. I wish they had their wireless!"

For five minutes the "plumber" conferred with his own chief, who was in charge of all the bridging operations, and was then dismissed. "I'm glad all is going so well—you'd better be getting back—good night."

"Poor old commandant," he thought, as he strode on his way back to the bridge in the gloom, for the moon was just setting, "no wonder he is a bit ratty with this responsibility and strain." Just then he almost ran into the shunter, who was gazing up in the sky toward the west.

"Did you see that?" the latter shouted.

"No—what?"

"I saw something pass overhead—a sort of blur in the luminous sky toward the west, and I heard something, too—a soft noise like a motor."

They both looked up. There was nothing in the serene sky but the after-glow of the moon.

"A bird—vulture—bat—goose—mongoose?" suggested the other.

"It was much too big for a bird."

"Look here, my man, get to bed and rest; you're jumpy from worry and want of sleep. Go to bed—your trucks can't run away."

"Perhaps you're right, I am chock-full of quinine. I'll turn in. Good night." He turned in, but not to sleep, for the intermittent screeches of a circular saw some distance away seemed to him the cries of a Banshee—an omen of evil.

The plumber went on his way whistling—he was of a sunny nature, and at last the end seemed in sight. As he neared the low-level bridge, the sound of the pile-driver greeted his ears again—that cheering sound of progress. Little did he guess that it was her swan song she was singing down there in the mist.

## III.

The bridge, slowly creeping forward behind its noisy head, was not the only spot where progress had been made that day. The same sun that dissipated the clinging mist from the river and revealed the bridgers at work, lit up another scene of toil in a village some thirty-five miles away—of toil less imposing, but no less important in its results. The little deserted village, the "Hornet's nest," was the lair of one section of the raiders. Nestling on one side of a low hill, hidden by others slightly higher all round, the spot was well chosen for its purpose. On each side of the principal street straggled houses, once white but now roofless and blackened. From a cow-byre at one end there issued the sound of hammering, and now and then the hum of a motor engine, driven for short bursts at high speed, rose to a whine. Tarpaulins clumsily stretched on charred rafters and weighted with stones formed the roof of the shed. Never a savory spot, an odor as of a motor garage now hung about the place, its pungency unpleasantly intensified by the smell of some extinguished acetylene lanterns, for here also they had been working through the night. Men kept passing in and out of the shed—they were erecting machinery out in the yard.

In a room of the village inn, still the best house in the place, four officers had just finished a hasty meal and were pushing back their ammunition box seats from the packing case table. One of this group was noticeable: very pale—he carried his arm in a sling and had been eating clumsily with his left hand. Another was almost as conspicuous: a wiry man, with a freckled face and red hair, he wore a hybrid naval uniform. Upon his yachting cap shone a metal badge representing some insect. The third, the commandant of the section of raiders, was big and bull-necked, and the sly expression in his protuberant eyes made him look like a cunning frog—if such a thing

can be imagined. All these were youngish men, but the fourth was the youngest. He had nothing to distinguish him but his pink cheeks and a bread-and-butter face; he was attached to the nautical man only, and did not wear his uniform.

"We can't spread this map in here," said the senior, in a guttural voice, lighting his pipe; "let's go into the next room, or, better, into the taproom, where there's a bar." Following him, they separated on each side of the long counter, the pewter top of which was thick with dust, pieces of plaster and broken glass. It was a moment's work to sweep this off to add to the wreckage already inches deep on the floor. The little run, where some buxom "patronne" or "Miss" had formerly reigned, was more than ankle-deep in broken glass and crockery; the shelves behind were bare of their former array of bottles. Behind the shelves, the sharp edges of the slivers of a dusty mirror, radiating outward for one or two points, caught the light in a prismatic sparkle, and gave the one touch of brightness to the brutal squalor of the room. Even the smell of dust and plaster had not altogether exorcised the established reek of stale tobacco smoke and split liquor which still hung about.

"Anyway, I am greatly relieved that you have come," said the last speaker. "I heard you were on your way, but many expected things do not arrive these days, and I was not too hopeful. And though I must confess that I am even now a bit skeptical about your box of tricks, I am only too keen to try. Have you unpacked your—what do you call them—squadron, fleet, covey, swarm?"

"Yes, sir," somewhat stiffly answered the man in the nautical suit. "They've all been unpacked, and my men are rigging them up in a shed we found. I have twelve—the Gadfly, Wasp, Bee, Mosquito, Tsetse, Ichneum—"

"Steady, steady—I haven't time to listen to the whole entomological dic-

tionary. How many will be ready for this evening—for business, I mean?"

"All—I hope."

"Are your anarchists, engineers, chauffeurs, or skippers prepared to proceed on individual forlorn hopes? Mind you, those who do not blow themselves up, or get smashed by a fall, or taken prisoner, will almost certainly get shot as spies, and it's odds that 'good-bye' at starting will be good-bye for ever."

"We quite realize all that, sir, and we'll take our chance. 'Tis a forlorn hope in a way; but the prizes are large. Why, just think, given a chance——"

"Yes, yes, I know. I see you are a cran—I mean, an enthusiast, and quite rightly. Well, I'm going to give you a bellyful of chances!" The other smiled.

"Now, listen. As you are a new-comer, I'll put you in touch with the position in a few words. Never mind if I tell you something you know already, don't interrupt—listen. See square D 14? That's where their third army is, some seventy thousand strong. They're in a good position, at a strategic point, and are holding some villages, the names don't matter. They've been there five days. Our western force, which is not strong enough to attack, has been hanging on to and harassing them; we cannot make a grand attack, yet we hope to scatter their army and bag much of it. It has marched a long way, fought a lot, and lost nearly all its transport, and—this is the point—it must be starving, quite played out and very short of ammunition, and it has only got one line of rail communication, which is cut! The railway's back along here—see?" The other nodded.

"Of course we cut this line when we retired. In fact, I believe, though I'm not entirely in the confidence of the 'Generalissimo,' that he wished the enemy to advance here. Naturally they have been doing their best to reopen communication, and, being splendid engineers, have done a lot; but so

far they have not succeeded, for no trains have gone up, and only a small wagon convoy or two—a mere trifle. The country all round for miles is a desert as far as supplies go, we saw to that, and they must be in a very bad way. We know from spies that they have been for days on reduced rations and have many sick, and their guns are not so busy as they were.

"My duty, like that of the other raiding parties, for the last five days has been to prevent communication being re-established on the railway. We've cut the line and telegraph—their wireless is not working, for we captured all their gear—till we are sick. The bridges are very strongly guarded, and all the petty damage we can do is repaired almost at once, for unluckily it is a double line, and they repair one pair of rails from the other. Altogether, our efforts are futile. Now, I don't believe in your new machines flying about vaguely and killing a few wretched men here and there by a bomb, and I think the chief must agree, as he has sent you here. I believe in attacking some sore spot, and going back to it again and again.

"The one place where they are vulnerable is at the big broken bridge—here, one hundred and thirty odd miles from the army. They've working like devils to repair the break, or rather to cross the river by a temporary bridge first, and they are doing it much too quick. They may be through in a day or two, and if so—their army is saved; but if we can delay the repair for three or four days even, I think it is lost! They know all this, and they've made a Port Arthur of the bridge-head, and got a large garrison there. We've tried in vain to get near it, but the whole place is surrounded by outposts, barbed wire and all that, and they have lit up the bridge till it looks like a gin palace.

"My engineer officer, who blew up the bridge originally, spent some hours the night before last watching them from a hill, and, thanks to their light-

ing, saw a lot. He had three men carrying dynamite with him: one blew himself up, two were captured and he himself was wounded in the arm. Nothing that walks can get near the bridge. But that's the place to attack—that's their sore spot, and here you are—O Beelzebub, Prince of Flies, with your horde! Your duty will be, so long as a single insect remains, to fly to that spot every night and bite or settle or sting, or do what you will to delay the work. Remember, if the bridge is delayed for three days, I expect the third army will fall into our mouths like a ripe plum. No food, no ammunition, no horses, they cannot retreat far. Now you have the position."

"Yes, quite; but as to the details——"

"My sapper here—I presume you know each other, being in the same corps—has a large-scale plan of the place, and knows every inch of it. He will arrange all details with you. He has the very latest information. I'll leave you two."

"Very good, sir."

"Hold on; there is one thing more, and then you will have all my ideas. The aerial attack will be made to-night. Now, how about the news of this reaching the other forces of the enemy?"

"Oh, that seems simple," interposed the youth. "I suppose you'll have every wire cut, and kept cut, so that not a whisper——"

"Not so fast, young fellow. I see you are not yet a psychologist, and do not appreciate the moral factor in war," he answered, quite pleased at catching the youngster. "The attack takes place to-night and, whether it succeeds or not, it will certainly cause consternation and alarm at the bridge. I want that consternation and alarm to be transmitted to the starving army. I want the news of the blasting of their hopes, or even of the mysterious attack, exaggerated by fancy and ignorance of its exact nature, to be the last message they receive. Therefore, from daylight till ten to-morrow morning, their wires will not be interfered with;

but after that they will be cut, and kept cut, without chance of repair, and we'll stop all messengers, so that after this there will be mysterious silence.

"That will give time for the news to rankle, for rumors to breed, and for the doomed army to exercise its power of imagination: the silence will assist. To men in their position a word of discouragement is worth an army corps to us. Afterward, if any machines are left unexpended, we might further assist their hunger-bred fantasies by flying over them and dropping a bomb or two, or even by flying over them and showing a light. That's all, now. I'll leave you to arrange details. You come along and show what your box of tricks is like."

With that he went out, followed by the youngest officer, who stopped, put his head in at the door, and said, in a whisper of deep admiration, "Perfect devil, ain't he?"

Then followed a long confabulation between the two engineers over the large-scale plan of the bridge, which showed the information gained the previous evening.

"How many, and what size bombs do you carry?" said the man with the wounded arm.

"One each; eight pounds of stuff."

"Well, that's not much good unless you get a detonation alongside some vital spot. It won't do the structure of either bridge itself much harm. Can you drop accurately?"

"If the night is as calm as it is now, we shall be able to drop three bombs out of four on to a patch a little bigger than this room. If the wind rises it is more difficult, because we have to turn up wind to hover, and the balancing is not so easy. You see we have to hover anyway to aim, and that's the difficulty. That's what the secret gear and auxiliary-lifting propeller are for—the thing you called the little 'whing-whang,' I mean."

"Quite. Now I know what sort of thing you can do, and this, I think, is the scheme. You see, their rate of



work must absolutely depend on their pile-driver; if that is destroyed they will have to drive by hand, which will take—oh—five or six times as long. Therefore, that's the sorest point in the sore spot. They're working night and day, partly by the aid of their electric light; if that's destroyed it will hamper them, but will not make them take even twice as long, because they have enough flares to carry on the low-level bridge. That's the second sorest point. Agree?" "Beelzebub" nodded. "As they're so deuced near finishing, we must try and make a dead cert. of stopping them to-night, as, once their bridge is done, we cannot really damage it with these little bombs. Therefore, I think, you should sail out with all your fleet, and do your devil-most to-night."

"Yes; that's sound. I quite agree."

"Take on the pile-driver first, and if you get that, or burst the boiler, switch off on to the dynamo house. That will be a much easier target. It's bigger; and if you get only one bomb to burst inside, even without hitting anything, it will probably wreck the show, for one splinter in the moving parts of the engine or dynamo, revolving at high speed, will cause the whole thing to fly to bits. Two fair shots should do the trick. Can you count on two bull's-eyes out of twelve shots?"

"I think so, if there is no wind. Can't we set anything alight? I'm stocking a splendid line in incendiary bombs, pretty things of petrol and celluloid, that look like capsules?"

"Nothing. I don't know where their ammunition is, though they must have tons there. Hold on—yes, I saw some mountains of stuff, just here; mark it on the map, will you? That is probably forage. After you have done all you can, and expended all your explosive, sail along and drop a few capsules on to these mounds and over the yard. You may set something alight with any luck. By the way, can you signal to each other?"

"Yes—we carry colored lights and

little lamps in our tails. How about finding our way?"

"I was thinking of that. When you get over the hills about eight miles away from the bridge, you can see the glare of it in the sky, and you can steer straight for it. To assist you before you can see this glare, we'll send out a dozen men who will have lights on poles, shaded so as to shine upward. Will that do?"

"Excellent. And about a place for landing, in case any of us come back—that's the great difficulty. Have you a pond near here?"

"Yes, about half a mile away. I'll take you to it later."

"That will do. You must put lamps to mark the pond, in case it is still dark when we get back, and, if it is deep, have a man with a raft of sorts to haul us out."

"Right."

"Beelzebub" went out to coach his men in the details and finish off the flies. As the other sat still musing, he thought of the feelings of those whose work was going to be so suddenly destroyed, and he had a fellow-feeling of sympathy for them.

\* \* \* \* \*

As the day passed the number of curious-looking erections drawn up behind the cow-shed increased. Each was supported by a sort of dwarf bicycle and tied down. They were skeletons, with great flat awnings of membranous material and queer shape stretched taut on light frames stayed with wire. In their spidery appearance they had a remote semblance to reaping machines. This semblance was borne out by the gaudy fancy of the artist who had painted them, for he had run amuck with his vermilion and blue in a manner usually confined to agricultural machines or toy locomotives. All the metal was painted, and there was no such bright brass or burnished steel about the machinery as might have been expected. Each carried a small silk national flag at one end, and had its name painted on.



"Good heavens! what gingerbread-looking things!" had been the somewhat uncomplimentary remark of the officer commanding raiders, when he first saw them rigged up.

"Shades of Icarus, Lillienthal, Pilcher and all others! What d'you expect?" retorted the pseudo-naval man, somewhat nettled. "D'you want traction-engines or the winged bulls of Assurbanipal?"

It took the foxy one at least five minutes to smooth matters over, and he had to suffer a long technical lecture before he succeeded.

.....  
An hour and a half before the moon went down, the first fly made a start down the sloping road. She was the "flagship," manned by the "admiral." He was seated in his machine, held up by four men.

"All aboard?" he said. "All clear, you?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Cast off."

With that the assistants gave the machine a running shove forward, the skipper pedalled, the motor snorted, and the propeller began to revolve. Faster, faster spun the blades as the clumsy machine gained way, until the propeller was nothing but a halo, and its loud hum almost drowned the throbbing of the motor. The Thing buzzed down the street like a cockchafer, and, when clear of the houses, it soared away steadily into the moonlight, shedding its wheels like the skin of a chrysalis. This was repeated successfully eleven times, but when the last machine, manned by the pink-cheeked second officer, should have left its wheels and soared away into the night, there was a flash, and a violent detonation shook the houses. Fragments rattled back among those watching two hundred yards away.

"There go the bravest men I've ever met," remarked the chief of raiders. As he reached the hole blown in the road, he added—"poor young fellow!" and his voice was even a little more guttural than usual.

#### IV.

It was near four in the morning, and "all was well" when the "plumber," reaching his post on the bridge once again, made himself snug on a plank resting upon two sacks of fish-bolts. The pile-driver still insulted the ear with its din, the steam and the flare-lights still roared, and the water lapped against the timbers, while the mouth organ whined a hymn-tune a short distance away.

A sudden hiss, and—"plop" into the river, not a pile's length away, fell something; all but simultaneously, with the muffled report of an explosion under water, a column of spray shot up, and falling backward revealed a heaving blister of mud, just visible through the mist. The men playing dropped their cards and sat up, the whine of the mouth organ froze in the middle of a bar, but the pile-driver continued its blows, for the fat man still mechanically jerked the string, though his eyes were all but starting out of his head. Silent, stupified surprise held all. The mud fountain had barely subsided, when—a second hiss and splash close alongside the bridge, and another subaqueous explosion, followed with its geyser of mud and water, which, falling on the bridge, would have washed the dazed fat man away but for the string to which he clung. At last the pile-driver stopped.

Barely had the soused soldiers got their breath after this douche, when they were shaken by a racking detonation some thirty yards back along the bridge, accompanied by the sound of rending timber. The air hummed with fragments, while all near the end of the doomed bridge lay prostrated by the blast of this shock.

To add to the horror, the wrought-iron reservoir of the flare-light was shattered; the blazing oil poured out over the timbers into the water and spread in a flaming film, momentarily lighting up the inferno before it was swept down-stream. The cries of the mangled filled the air.

After a minute's respite, a faint crash sounded overhead, succeeded by a burst of yellow light, and two flaming masses fell, spinning in a sickening spiral, plumb on to the girder-bridge above, where their flight ended in a double detonation against the iron. Again the sound of flying metal filled the air. This sudden cataclysm was too much. Men born of women could stand no more; discipline was lost, and a general wail rose up. Those who had for day and night toiled like slaves dropped their tools, their work, and fled off the bridges towards shore.

A bouquet of dazzling red stars flamed out on high with a soft liquid report, and slowly floated to earth. In the crimson glow the panic-stricken fugitives paused in terror. What was coming next? There was not much time to doubt, for a succession of flashes and detonations round the corrugated-iron dynamo-shed showed where the attack was falling. These ended in one report with a metallic ring, for which there was no flash, and the electric light went out as a grinding crash sounded from the shed. A second shower of red stars slowly sank to earth. Then, with many little explosions, fires sprang up in the "yard" away by the station. Most of them soon burned out without doing damage, but the stacks of forage had been touched and burst into a blaze. As the dense clouds of smoke and long tongues of flame mounted up, from overhead, a shower of magnesium stars were wafted gently downwards, lighting the whole landscape as they fell. The work of destruction ceased. In the intense light, the flying machines, as they circled round, were visible to all those above the mist.

Rifle-shots rang out, close by at first, then growing into a general fusillade, which became fainter in the distance, like an irregular *feu-de-jolie*, towards the farthest outpost line, marking the course of the angels of destruction, still

to be seen in the light of the conflagration. This wild shooting was not quite without result, for a mass of fire was seen to fall—curving towards one of the hills in the north.

As the flames of the burning forage roared higher, and the clouds of sparks and lurid smoke rose in huge volume to the sky—now of the grey hue preceding dawn—the roar and crackle of the flames drowned all other sounds.

\* \* \* \* \*

The half-dressed figure of the consumptive railway traffic officer might have been seen later against the glowing embers, gazing helpless at the scene—the realization of his fears. He was no longer thinking of his yard, of his poor friend the "plumber," or even of the horrors all around him. He was dreaming of the fate of an army, and of the ultimate results of its destruction.

#### V.

A solitary man stood by a hedge. In his hand was a charred pole, on top of which a light, screened from below, was burning feebly. Close by a hobbled horse cropped the scant grass. No other sound broke the stillness of the night as the man gazed steadily upwards. The moon had sunk and the stars were growing pale in the grey of false dawn, when the horse threw up his head and snorted. The man gave no sign.

A moment afterwards he heard a faint rustle in the sky as of flighting geese. Ghostly in the mysterious light a shape loomed up and swept past overhead on a long slant. Eight times this happened in quick succession. To the weary eyes of the watcher the shapes seemed to be travelling in long swoops—now up, now down—and slower than when they had passed him on their outward journey.

For the others that he had seen go out he waited—waited till the hills to the east stood out purple against the blushing sky—but waited in vain.

## The Warriors of the Waters.\*

By J.-H. ROSNY.

### VI.

#### WRECK OF THE RAFT AND RESCUE OF SABINE.

**W**HEN I awoke the raft was moving at a good rate. We had passed through the channel and were out in an open lake. It was fearfully hot and oppressive, and big ominous clouds, heavily charged with electricity, occasionally veiled the sun. I looked around for the boy. He was swimming in rear of the raft and pushing it along with his valid arm. He smiled at me and pointed northward toward some rocky and cavernous hills.

"Is it there?" I asked.

He nodded affirmatively and placed his hand upon his breast, a sign which in our language signified Sabine. I invited him to come on the raft and rest, but he refused; so, picking up the scull, I resumed my paddling. I was bathed in perspiration. Though there was not much wind, the lake began to get very rough and choppy. On the right the sombre mass of the forest was enveloped in gathering gloom, and from a kind of desert whirlwinds of sand came through a pass in the hills and filled the air. I felt myself imbued with a strange spirit of emulation, of rivalry against the elements. I worked the paddle steadily and powerfully, the boy pushed with all his strength and under our combined efforts the raft sped swiftly toward the shore.

We were little more than a hundred yards from it when the tempest broke

upon us. It lashed the lake instantly into gigantic waves that reared and tumbled furiously over each other. A tremendous downpour of hail shut the surrounding landscape from sight, and the big stones stung my face and hands like slashes with a whip and almost stunned me. Then a waterspout lifted me, sucked me under the lake and whirled me to the surface again, where, bewildered though I was, I was able to catch hold of and cling to one of the logs of the little raft, which threatened to break up as each wave struck it. The boy had disappeared, and I conjectured that he had sought refuge several feet below the surface and was keeping watch upon me. This proved to be the case. The tall end of the waterspout having caught the raft, the latter went to pieces, and I was hurled into the lake, but was immediately seized by my young friend and borne safely ashore.

At the first clap of thunder that rumbled sullenly in the distance, stifled in the heavy clouds, the boy manifested great alarm. His terror increased when the lightning shot its forked javelins over the lake and tore great vivid rents in the darkened heavens. The thunder that followed, crashing and roaring incessantly, seemed to paralyze him, and I signed to him to take shelter in the lake. He needed no second bidding, and vanished into the boiling waves.

The rain fell in torrents and ran from my clothing like a tarn down a mountain side. I divested myself of

\*Translated from the French by John W. Harding for THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

my coat and waistcoat and leaving them to serve as a landmark set out to explore the environs. I could not see five yards before me, when the lightning was not playing, which, however, was only at rare intervals, for the air was filled with electricity. Twice the shock of the discharge threw me down and each time I picked myself up with a cynical rictus. I had reached the lowest depth of adversity and misfortune and experienced the sombre voluptuousness of the utterly desperate. I braved the tempest and its threats, its infernal tumult and cutting hail with the spirit of a fanatical Hindoo or of a holy martyr of the primitive Church.

Through the deluge and the vapors that rose from the wet and overheated soil I could just see the caverns, and made toward them. I had hardly advanced fifty paces when a brilliant flash of lightning lit up the scene, and I dropped to the ground, not from the electric shock this time, but because I had seen Sabine. She was seated on a big stone at the entrance to one of the caverns, and watching the storm. She had not seen me.

I determined to act with the greatest prudence, for the dark Men of the Waters, I argued, must certainly be in the cavern. Then suddenly it occurred to me that, like my boy companion, Sabine's abductors, in fear of the thunder, might have taken to the lake. The more I reflected upon it the more was I convinced that I was right. But if this were the case, how was it that Sabine made no attempt to escape? On a closer scrutiny the reason was plainly apparent: She was bound hand and foot.

Wild with joy I remained for a moment breathless, and then rushed toward her. She recognized me instantly, and struggling to her feet fell swooning into my arms. I quickly cut her bonds, and when she revived, which she soon did under my caresses we fled away through the storm.

Everything in the universe appeared

good to us now. The lightning flashing and the thunder cracking overhead no longer held any terrors for us: it was the artillery of heaven firing a salvo of victory and jubilation. Sabine, her sweet face streaming with rain, clung to me, and her blue eyes smiled lovingly into mine. Delicious with happiness, melting with tenderness, I pressed her to my heart, and amid a peal of thunder that made the earth tremble our lips met in the ecstasy of a long-awaited kiss. Then, her little hand clasped in mine, we ran to where I had left my coat.

The boy came out of the lake as we reached the place. Sabine, who had at first taken him to be one of our allies, was so frightened when she saw that he was black that I had considerable difficulty in reassuring her. There was no time to lose. The only obstacle to our flight was the boy's fear of the thunder, but as he managed to overcome it sufficiently to accompany us, I was thankful that the storm continued, for I knew that while it lasted, there was no danger of Sabine being missed and, consequently, of our being pursued.

When the child caught hold of my hand to lead us he at once became calmer, and I felt instinctively that his trouble was more physical than moral. He was shaken by veritable undulations of electricity which abated at the contact with me. We walked along in silence for half an hour and then, to my astonishment, he conducted us toward a dark and spacious grotto.

"Where are you taking us?" I demanded.

The boy's look appealed to Sabine to speak.

"Did you, then, not come here through a grotto?" asked the girl, turning to me.

"No," I replied. "We came by a sort of river."

"I was brought through a series of immense subterranean passages," she explained.

"Do you think we ought to risk it?

I don't like the idea of it myself," I said.

Then, addressing the boy, I signed to him that we desired to take some other route. He made me understand that it was impossible, that the grotto was our only road to safety. He wore an air of assurance that showed that he knew perfectly well what he was about, and I concluded that the best thing to do was to trust ourselves to him.

Sabine clinched the argument by the very pertinent remark that any risk, however great, was preferable to that of being recaptured. So, clasping hands again, we entered the darkness.

#### VII.

#### THROUGH THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH.

In the grotto the thunder rumbled away in endless echoes. It was in itself an awesome thing to grope our way through the vast and dark passages, but the flashes of lightning that illumined them kept us in perpetual fear of an impending cataclysm. And the danger was by no means imaginary. Once the mountain, struck, I presume, externally, trembled to its base, and after the last echo of the roar that followed the flash had died away we heard with a terror that almost paralyzed us the fall of a mass of rock so near that a fragment struck my shoulder.

I clasped Sabine's hand tightly, and we pressed forward in the silence and obscurity, our hearts beating high with mingled anxiety and hope. Our guide walked on as though perfectly familiar with the way, and I concluded that there was only one passage with no lateral branches, but in this I was mistaken for we presently came to a place where several other tunnels converged. At the end of one (which we did not take) was a silvery orifice.

"I wonder how he is able to find his way among so many different roads?" I remarked to Sabine.

"I cannot say," she replied. "The same thing struck me when they were

bringing me through these endless passages. These Men of the Waters seem to be endowed with the same faculty as carrier pigeons."

"Yes, dear, their science of movement, the long distances they are able to go under water may in course of time have developed this faculty."

"I believe, too," she added, "that they see better than we do in the dark."

After two hours' further progress the grotto became wider. In the distance a bronze-like reflection indicated the presence of water. It became larger, greenish and vacillating. Then we found ourselves in the dim, uncertain vertical light that suffuses the entrance to caverns. We were in a spacious, lofty cave, the roof of which we could hardly discern. The water extended deep and wide along a gallery on the right through which the daylight streamed. Several large birds rose noisily as we approached, and we saw them for some time hovering in the tunnel. Sabine and I stood motionless in the light, feeling as though we had just awakened from a horrible nightmare. The child looked pleased at our relief and motioned to us to repose ourselves, and we gladly acquiesced while he vanished under water.

"Sabine," I said, as she nestled in my arms, "we shall love each other the more for sharing such prodigious perils and adventures. Our love will preserve the trace of so many terrible emotions. As long as life lasts, we shall never forget our flight through these majestic subterranean galleries."

#### VIII.

#### THE INTERIOR LAKES AND THEIR HOSPITABLE DENIZENS.

After following a narrow path we entered an obscure passage that must have bridged water, for we caught the vague glimmer of it through a crevice in the rocky floor. We tramped on for a couple of hours a good deal more light-heartedly than in the morning, notwithstanding that the darkness was,



if anything, deeper, the atmosphere damper and the passage narrower. At length we issued into a valley and daylight. The storm was abating, and glimpses of blue sky could be seen through the mass of fleecy clouds.

The valley was a part of the grotto, the roof of which had caved in during some great upheaval. The sides were bare and almost perpendicular for about ten feet, then creeping plants and brushwood covered them in luxuriant profusion. Below were piled immense jagged masses of the rock that had fallen in and which the elements had carved into rough fantastic shapes of monsters.

Skirting these we crossed the valley and descended into the bowels of the earth again, only to issue after a twenty-minutes' tramp, into another valley. For two hours we went on alternately passing through dark galleries, marvelous caverns and verdant valleys. Finally we came to the end of the galleries on the bank of a gigantic basin, into which a river emptied itself by a waterfall 250 feet wide and 60 feet high.

Then the boy shouted gleefully and motioning us to follow him rushed on ahead. This we did as fast as we could, and on rounding a cape of high rocks found ourselves close upon a number of human habitations similar to those of the Men of the Waters. At the cries raised by some women, a crowd of people emerged from the water and came running toward us.

They were of the same type as the boy. Their hair was long and fine, and their extremities thicker than those of the Men of the Waters. Their greater resemblance to us, however, demonstrated a backwardness in evolution, an inferiority to the former, and accounted for their relegation to the subterranean lakes and rivers. My first hypothesis that they were the latest arrivals in the country was disproved by ulterior researches. They more probably were among the first peoples who found their way here a

few centuries after the Men-Wading-Birds, and the latter defended their marshes with sufficient energy to compel the newcomers to take to the interior valleys, where the depths of the lakes rendered them amphibious. It is equally probable that the dark Men of the Waters are but a detached branch, become perfected for an aquatic existence of the races inhabiting the valleys, and that the light Men of the Waters, on the other hand, came straight from the plains and adapted themselves to their new condition of life out of pure imitation. Inter-marriage between the different species of these aquatic peoples is very rare, and if traces of fusion between the dark and light elements are occasionally to be found, there is no reason to suppose that either has ever contracted a union with the Men-Wading-Birds, the latter being regarded as an inferior race, fallen into the melancholy of the out-cast and hopeless, and rapidly becoming extinct.

No longer worried in regard to Sabine, I gave myself up to enthusiasm over my marvelous discoveries. I promised myself a long sojourn among these aquatic populations in the hope of solving the mystery surrounding them, from the historical, ethnological and other scientific points of view. I was saddened, however, by the thought that other expeditions would follow ours, that peradventure colonies of terrestrial men would ferociously destroy the admirable work of centuries and annihilate the various species of amphibious man. I derived some consolation, though, from the thought that it would be next to impossible for the invaders to cross the swamps where we came so near perishing; that it would be many years before the scanty surrounding populations would dream of confronting the perils of emigration and that a century hence the Men of the Waters might be organized sufficiently to be able to defend their territory against all aggressors. Finally, these regions, though admirable and



perfectly salubrious, were, nevertheless, essentially lacustrine and, therefore, little accessible to terrestrial man.

We received a most hospitable welcome. In accordance with the custom of these peoples, after we had been served with a delicious repast a grand aquatic fete was held in our honor. They displayed remarkable agility and great resistance to asphyxiation, though in a lesser degree than their flat-eyed rivals. After our fatiguing experiences it was good to rest and refresh ourselves. Sabine was worn out and slumbered on my shoulder. Twilight descended upon the valley, everything breathed peace and tranquillity and I resolved to pass the night among our cordial hosts.

#### IX.

##### A NIGHT OF ANGUISH.

Sabine was installed in a cabin and I, closing the door and placing my couch against it, lay thankfully down, while the boy curled up outside under a covering of plaited rushes. Through a crack in the door I could see that several men of the village were mounting guard, and confident that all was well I fell asleep.

We must have been sleeping for about five hours, when I was awakened by a tumult outside. I peeped through the crack. It was a beautiful moonlight night. Around a brazier that was burning briskly a score of old men squatted. With them were several young men, who from their flat eyes, barbed, weedlike hair and dusky color I saw were our adversaries. Moreover, the dark athlete immediately attracted my attention. My breast was bursting with jealous rage, and I could hardly refrain from rushing out and measuring myself against him. I reflected, however, that Sabine might be made the prize of the contest by the tribe, and resolved to act with diplomatic prudence and only to resort to violence in the last extremity.

The gathering around the brazier was obviously a council of the elders of the hospitable tribe, and the tumult

was caused by the young strangers who were trying to intimidate them. Suddenly the young braves burst through the circle and rushed toward our cabin, but over a hundred Men of the Valleys appeared as by magic and drove them back. The braves then attempted to resume the conference, but the most imposing of the old men, who appeared to be the president, scattered the flaming brands with a kick and spoke long and loud and angrily in the light of the moon. Then our cabin was surrounded by the whole population of the village, and the braves withdrew and camped on the bank of the lake.

Sabine slumbered peacefully through it all. I went to her couch and bent over her. The moonbeams played upon her hair that encircled her head like a halo of gold and her lips were parted in a happy smile. Invoking a blessing upon her, I lightly kissed her pure brow and returned to my post at the door.

The dark men by the lake seemed to be waiting for the day to break. Uneasy at their presence there I opened the door. The multitude gazed at me in mute consternation. My gentle little friend was weeping. I called to him and he came, but could not make me understand what caused the consternation of the crowd, nor why he was weeping. All that I could gather was that we must not quit the cabin, and that the dark men were awaiting reinforcements.

What was to be done? Would the proud old men, who had refused to surrender us just now, give way when the reinforcements arrived? Why were the dark athlete and his companions allowed to remain there unmolested? Gloomily I kept watch. The sleep of my beloved reminded me of the last sleep of a prisoner condemned to be executed in the morning. I realized with bitterness how utterly helpless I was, that any attempt at escape would be useless and might end in disaster.

I was engrossed in my dismal reverie when Sabine awoke. She read my trouble in my face.

"Robert, you are suffering. Are you ill?" she exclaimed.

I explained the situation to her, and she peered through the door at our enemies.

"So you think, Robert, they will give us up?" she said.

"In all probability," I answered.

Like a frightened gazelle Sabine threw herself into my arms and I pressed her to my heart fiercely, passionately in an access of love, pride and pain. I knew that she would die rather than fall into the hands of her abductor again.

I was still folding her in my arms, when there was a noise from the crowd outside, and we went to the door. The first faint streak of nascent dawn was struggling for supremacy with the pale light of the waning moon. Facing the old men was a form which we speedily recognized as that of our friend, the light Man of the Waters, who had saved us from the bog.

Opening the door, amid the sympathetic murmurs of the crowd, and elated with a new-found hope we joined him. He greeted us with demonstrations of joy and affection. All, save the group by the lake, were visibly touched at our gratitude and his kindness, and they became positively enthusiastic when, taking the little dark boy in my arms, I presented him to my aquatic brother.

#### X.

#### ARRIVAL OF THE LIGHT MEN OF THE WATERS.

We awaited daylight in company with the old men, the boy and our benefactor. The sun was just rising above the hill tops when a great wave came sweeping up the river and hundreds of swimmers tumbled over the waterfall into the lake. Sabine shrieked and clung to me, but I could see from the smiles of our friend that there was no cause for alarm.

The swimmers issued from the water, and I saw that there were light as well as dark men among them. On the shore they formed into two divisions,

according to color. At the same time the Council of the Men of the Valleys assembled upon a neighboring knoll, which was solemnly surrounded by the whole tribe. Then the dark athlete and three old men of his race placed themselves in front of and a little to the left of the Council, while our rescuer and three old men of his people stationed themselves on the right.

The events of the night and the reason the consternation of the multitude and grief of the boy had been changed to enthusiasm and rejoicing were now clear to me, and Sabine shared my belief when I made it known to her. It was certain that before the opportune arrival of the light Men of the Waters the Council of the Tribe, now acting as judges, had, in view of their weakness and fear of their powerful rivals, decided to hand us over to the tender mercies of the dark athlete.

We watched the proceedings with an anxiety easier to be imagined than described. Not only did the judges receive the reclamations favorably, but the dark Men of the Waters, probably weary of the war, approved what he was saying, and in face of the overwhelming odds against him the dark athlete sulkily withdrew and all his companions quitted him. We were given into the care of our dear friends, the light Men of the Waters, amid the most touching demonstration of sympathy and satisfaction from the population of the valley.

The boy remained with us, caressed by Sabine, our friend and myself. He was suffering somewhat from his shoulder and his eyes, burning feverishly, gazed at us with the deepest affection. Owing to the pain in his shoulder, the lad was unable to take part in the general rejoicing, which took the form of marvelous aquatic performances by the three peoples.

Our rescuer was the first to dive in the lake. Sabine and I both sought to distinguish him among the others, but were unable to do so and he did not issue again, though nearly all the swimmers emerged, one after the other,

to salute us. We soon forgot all about him, however. We were so happy in our love, so confident of a bright and glorious future. We thought only of finding Devreuse and the other members of the expedition and returning to Europe.

Two hours passed in this way, and we were still watching the sports, when I was suddenly thrown to the ground with great violence and Sabine was seized and carried off like a leaf caught up by a cyclone. When I scrambled to my feet the athlete with Sabine in his arms was speeding toward the river as fast as his legs would carry him, along a narrow path on the cliffs that circled our side of the lake and sheered almost perpendicularly to the water.

The boy was running after him, and screaming loudly. Once the man turned savagely upon him and ordered him to go back, but the lad kept after him. I started in mad pursuit, and when he saw me, and that the whole lake was in an uproar he stopped a moment, and his flat eyes blazed with jealous hate and fury.

Above the path a cornice projected, access to which could only be had by climbing a shaky, undermined mass of rock. The athlete's purpose, it was evident, was to reach this cornice, but, hampered by his beautiful burden, he was overtaken by the boy, and I was close behind.

He snarled something at the child, who responded with intrepid anger. Then, quicker than it takes to recount the crime, the man grasped the little fellow with one hand and hurled him against the rock below, smashing his skull. Insane with grief and wrath, I bounded toward my formidable adversary, followed by the howling, vengeful crowd, but the murderer, clambering to the cornice, placed Sabine upon it and, exerting all his strength, displaced the shaky rock which fell with a crash, cutting off all immediate means of following him. We were unable to reach the cornice even by clambering upon each other's shoulders, and I wore the flesh from

my fingers in my vain efforts to scale the rocky wall.

Clever marksmen though they were in the water, none of my friends would venture to hurl a harpoon at the fugitive for fear of killing Sabine. Meanwhile he sped upward toward the dark gallery by the river. I knew that if he reached it I should never see my darling alive again, for I had read his terrible purpose in his eyes.

He was disappearing into the yawning grotto, and I was struggling furiously in the hands of a dozen men who were trying to prevent me from hurling myself over the cliff, when there was a shout from the other side of the lake and the sharp crack of a rifle rang out, followed almost simultaneously by another report.

The dark athlete dropped his precious burden, reeled backward, and his body turned over and over as it fell on to the rocks below. On the other side of the lake, their smoking rifles in their hands, stood Jean Louis Devreuse and Lachal, after myself the best shot of the expedition. With them was my aquatic brother.

\* \* \* \* \*

We returned to the lake inhabited by our friends, the light Men of the Waters, and enjoyed their cordial hospitality for more than a month. We did not see anything further of the dark Men of the Waters or the Men of the Valleys. Devreuse told me all about the role played by our rescuer in the events I have narrated. Sabine and I could not forget the tragic death of our gentle little friend, and always shall grieve for him.

The expedition, commanded by Jean Louis Devreuse, returned to Paris early in April last with documents from which an important and valuable work will be compiled. In May Sabine and I were married and we are superlatively happy; but in the soft, dreamy twilight our thoughts often wander with a vague regret to the wonderful land where we passed through so many stupendous adventures.

[THE END.]

## The Psychological Investigator.

By BERTRAND W. BABCOCK.

**T**HE Psychological Investigator had walked in the fields about his Bronx home that he might ascertain the color sensations of his wife as she stood wide-eyed, with face uplifted to the sun, while he, sheltered under her red parasol, listened safely to her interested recital.

"The solar stimulus has produced an excitation resulting in an ocular purple which may be listed brilliant very," she said in a tone of scarcely less fervor than his own, for at times even she was led to share his views.

"Yes—yes," came from the tense Investigator, who gave no realizing glance to the coquettish picture made by the girl who in her face and attire blended harmoniously that part of the solar spectrum's range lacking in violet and wild rose about them.

"Yes—yes," he continued, his personality slipping into the mental costume of his classroom, "and may I ask the subject if there is at the same time any accompanying sensations of pain, acute or mild?"

For a moment the young woman, in a conscientious endeavor at self-analysis, did not respond. In that moment the bull—a student of color, too—had brought to his apperceptive phase the gleam of the Investigator's parasol. Swiftly he charged toward the two.

The Investigator climbed a tree, warned thereto by the bellowing rush, while his wife got the sun out of her eyes in time to laugh at him. And

laugh she might, since the object of color excitation did not disturb her. On the contrary, he stood with head strangely tilted, inspecting with bovine curiosity the tree's slender stem.

"The animal responds readily to a red reaction," said the Investigator, in a degree of excitement, as science triumphed over fear.

"I have known that from my youth upward—or backward," the woman laughed up to him.

Balancing himself by his body's swing, the Investigator ran his fingers through his hair while his feet described alternate arcs of the pendulum.

"I have an idea," he began to exclaim, "the bull reacts the red——"

Apparently the bull had simultaneously an idea, for lowering his horns he rammed his head several times against the tree's base.

"Take care," warned the girl.

The Investigator was white. Trembling he wound his thin legs about his former seat, while his arms grasped a bough above.

"I am safe, quite safe," he said in quavering tones. Then, gathering courage as the assaults on the base of his refuge ceased, "My idea is splendid—if color excites an animal it must have its effect upon men—upon the mob in the street—on the ground." He glanced fearfully at the bull.

The girl saw his perplexity.

"Do you wish me to drive off the bull?" she asked in a mockery lost upon him.

"Do so, my—er—dear," he answered incisively.

Carelessly the girl caught up the closed parasol, which had lain neglected at a little distance from the tree. Lazily she swung it open. A soft breeze caught it gently from her lax fingers to carry it down the slope beyond. With a puzzled bellow the bete-noir of the Investigator panted off after in bulldog style.

"Now you may descend," said the resourceful one.

The glance of the Psychological Investigator followed the bull.

"When he is at a safe distance," he said; "but now as to my idea. If red excites a bull, there must be a corresponding reaction upon the mob. My next research shall concern itself with the effect of color on mob mass. I shall descend to the level of the populations of the street and there experiment."

"You may descend to the level of the ground now," said his wife.

"You are quite certain that the bull is at a distance?"

"Entirely. Look for yourself."

Satisfied with the results of a careful sweeping of the horizon through a glass which had swung at his side, the Investigator consented to a lingering descent.

They went home to dinner—and a discussion of the color reaction between a large bull and a small red silk parasol.

\* \* \*

The Psychological Investigator walked down Broadway. About his small frame—extending even to his yellow beard—was a rigidity symbolic of determined purpose. Under his arm and beneath his coat he carried a number of tightly furled flags, each of some single color—white, black, yellow or green.

"I shall ascertain the effect of the different colors, hues, shades and tints in varying localities," he reflected; "for instance, this one of white, which in many languages and literature stands for peace."

Insensibly—subconsciously, he would have said—he had left the diagonal thoroughfare and had passed along a side street westward toward the river. A shadow, unperceived by the Psychological Investigator, had lowered from the tenements on either side, to settle finally upon the sidewalks. The people he met were black. Without noting this fact the Psychological Investigator unrolled his white flag, as he walked to the roadway's center. Here he circled the symbol of peace about his head several times.

For a moment none in Hell's Kitchen noted this unusual phenomenon.

"The color is negative—the result, therefore, negative," hastily concluded the Investigator.

Then a voice grated down from the fourth-story window.

"Ah—doesn't know what that white man's doing with that white flag," it ventured.

A graduate of a Southern institution of colored learning replied from the pavement:

"He's casting aspersions upon the ultimate aims of a race."

For the benefit of the less learned the remark was translated into the simple patois of the Kitchen: "He's coaxin' de razor."

From the roofs of the neighborhood chimneys began to fall—a brick at a time. On the sidewalks atoms became molecules, then masses animated with one directioned motion whose focal goal was the trembling white flag still fluttering in the hands of the Investigator.

As the Investigator's "mob" surged toward him he felt a thrill of scientific exaltation.

"I have disproved the old theory. White stands for war," he noted mentally.

A gilded cane swept war's white symbol to the pavement. As the psychic element of unrest closed about the Investigator, three policemen beat it back with the dulled vibration of good ash. In the midst of this mob action



the Investigator fled, having suffered the loss of his hat, gloves and white flag.

Across how many blocks he charted a zigzag course he could not at any later period determine. But up one street and down another he went, until sense of locality and fear of pursuit alike were lost. He was breathing heavily now. Also he was thirsty. An orange purchased at a stand he carried, occasionally sucking its juice.

"Let us try the effect of—say—yellow," he mused, refreshed by his orange.

A large woman in a narrow doorway watched his preparation of a yellow flag with humorous penetration. When, like its white predecessor, the yellow oblong flashed its psychic message through the air, she ran with a curious sidling gait, made necessary by the confined passage, toward the rear tenement.

"Mrs. Moinihin, Mrs. Moriority, Mrs. Brennan! Cum quick! It's me, Mrs. O'Flarerty. There's a bloudy Orangeman outside an' he's afther insoultin' the whole neighborhood," she shrieked.

Mrs. Moinihin, Mrs. Moriority and Mrs. Brennan answered patriotism's tocsin. Also came Mr. Moinihin and Mr. Brennan, who chanced to be at home "lookin' for worruk."

Before the Investigator could note his sensations he was surrounded,

beaten, thrown to the asphalt, while high over his head Mrs. O'Flarerty hurled her poorest and then her best kitchen chairs down into the seething caldron of racial prejudice.

"Kill him! Knock his head off," she chanted. "Sure, it 'twas the dummed orange made me first suspect him."

When the legions began to withdraw at a distant sharp whistle and the pounding of clubs on asphalt, the Investigator, as one in a nightmare, found a whirling foothold upon matter—asphalt. Still as one in a dream of titantic, struggling, creative, Wagnerian forces he fought off parting kicks. Around the corner into the next street he staggered. Still as an automaton he whirled and tossed convulsively his remaining flags, to hurl them away. He clung at last to a single flag—green. This he moved in the figures of an irregular geometry, until he lay down to rest near the gutter.

Chapped and calloused hands carried him into "The Harp" halfway down the block.

"His ways is strange," said a voice off in the sounding distance that enveloped the Investigator's being, "but his heart's all green!"

Dazedly, wonderingly the Investigator opened one swollen eye.

"Green," said he—then repeating—"Green—it is the color—of profound—peace."

"Sure," said a mighty chorus.



## Uniformity in Divorce.

By FRANK H. RICHMOND.

**T**HE senior form of assault that has current interest upon the form in which the founders of the nation established a federal government of powers suitable to the ends they had in view, reserving to the several States all governmental powers and functions not granted and not implied by reasonably intimate relation with the objects specified in the preamble as distinguished from those expressly granted, is the agitation in favor of a national divorce law, operating in all the States. Those who have stood ready to urge the enactment by Congress of such a statute have been held in check by the fear that, even under the most latitudinarian interpretation of the general welfare clause in the Federal constitution, the enactment of such a measure would lie beyond the constitutional powers now possessed by Congress. The subject has, therefore, advanced to that proposition to so amend the constitution as to enable Congress to legislate for the uniform dissolution of wedlock through the Union (including the Territories and the Caribbean and Oriental possessions), which was indorsed in the late encyclical to the American people directed to Congress from the White House.

A more practical form of forwarding the same purpose has been pursued by those who assembled in convention last year, without credentials other than their common interest in a reform which they deemed important, and

agreed upon the terms of a uniform divorce statute to be pressed to enactment in the several States separately. Such a course was followed successfully by the enactment in nearly all the States of a uniform negotiable instruments law, which removed confusion in a branch of the law closely related to interstate business, if not interstate commerce. It was not, however legislation that affected, reflected or touched upon any standard or basic belief in the realm of sentiment, of morals, or of religion on the part of any considerable body of citizens in any State adopting it.

For a uniform divorce law to reach the goal of enactment by a considerable part of the States grave difficulties and obstacles must be overcome, primarily inertia; for first of all is the question whether the proposal bears on its face sufficient of intrinsic merit to win attention; next, the opposition on either side of those whose moral or ethical views, whether they be strict or liberal, must suffer compromise, if the proposal be adopted. There would remain at the end grave doubt whether the agitators would accomplish their main purpose of suppressing the ease with which the guilty party may escape by remarriage from one of the penalties of breaking a marriage vow. It is quite true that under a national or, perhaps, under a severally adopted uniform divorce law the defendant might not remarry in the Union. There are, however, respectable precedents

for the suggestion that Great Britain and her dependencies would still remain open, together with the islands of the sea. Other portions of the earth would have to be left out of the account because of the firmly grounded doctrine of the civilians, which, if adopted and applied in our marriage legislation, would remove the odor of scandal from interstate marriages, that the law and civil status and private rights and liability of his origin attend him who flits from dominion to dominion and bind him as to matters purely personal in whatever domain he be temporarily sojourning.

Perhaps, then, the game may not be worth the necessary consumption of candle power, if we are to judge by the results that will be obtained.

As to difficulties in the way, it seems to be conceded that the heavens will fall before the States, with high standards as to the dissolution of marriage, abate one jot or tittle of their strictness. In New York, for example, social and religious circles would be stirred to depths of protest and promising political careers would end in oblivion sooner than laxity of divorce be written into our procedure code.

On the other hand, the newer, broader States of the far West will be slow to abandon that legal facility in readjusting family forming to circumstances which has for years faithfully reflected their economic and social exigencies and the former scarcity of women west and south and north of Kansas City, which partly explains why the dwellers mean "back East" when they refer to "God's country."

Persuading men to a departure from their fixed standards crosses that independence and individualism, whether it be of persons or of localities or geographical and political groups of persons and places, which the artists and story writers glorify as "local color." The growing spirit of nationalism is no doubt killing such of the independence and individualism which makes local coloring, as the massing of

swarms of population in urban centers has left undisturbed. When nationalism leads only to such convenience as comes from the standardization of machinery in the domain of mechanical engineering, for example, it is apt to move unchecked. It is likely also to sweep, when unopposed, in such wise as to bring the loss of something more than local color, as, for instance, the loss to the sum total of our national jurisprudence and wealth of learning due to those who kicked aside in at least one insular possession a legal system older than King Alfred, enriched by uninterrupted application and study of sages from the ages that antedate the Christian era and put in place thereof statutes of the Western States, too unenlightened to realize the loss they inflicted upon the American people. That, however, was a fortuitous exercise of wanton power without responsibility to any electorate, and would have failed had it been dependent upon a local electorate.

Strong, therefore, as the spirit of nationalism may be, local prejudice will, at least in the farming and grazing and mining States, prove a strong obstacle to the adoption of standardized legislation, unless the measure offered be a demonstrated remedy for a crying social or economic evil, and the agitators for uniformity in divorce law have fallen short of establishing that their remedy is adequate for the growing lightness in which the duties of the marriage relation are held by American men and women.

Much of the agitation upon the subject has been fomented by the words, spoken and written, of the clergy and by the regret of high-minded jurists for the scandals and tragedies caused by collusion or by ignorance as to the diverse application of the full faith and credit clause of the constitution to the varying divorce statutes of the several States. It may, peradventure, be predicted that the legal arguments for reform would vanish with instilling into the minds of people the knowledge that

the highest court of the land has held that a divorce decree, like any other judgment, is not entitled to full faith and credit everywhere unless rendered at the matrimonial domicile or after service of process upon the defendant within the State in which the court granting the decree sat, or after submission to the jurisdiction of the court on the part of the defendant, by formal appearance, if absent from that State. By removing to a State one does not confer on its court jurisdiction over a spouse never domiciled there. It almost causes surprise to know that in the latest case it was sustained in its severe simplicity by a vote of five to four. The minority held that a decree rendered by a State court on process served, not personally, but by a method sanctioned by the law of that State, is entitled to faith and credit throughout the Union, in so far as it affected the personal status and relief from a former marriage and power to remarry of a party personally before that court. The minority view would, under the faith and credit clause, have given the State courts a jurisdiction over absent parties not contemplated by the makers of the constitution, and as pointed out by the majority undermined the sovereign control by the several States, each in its own sphere and according to its policy, over the marriage relation. It ignored the marital domicile as an element of jurisdiction.

Another legal argument for reform would be dissipated were members of the bar to inculcate and cultivate so refined a scorn by the bench for deceit and chicanery that collusion, either as to residence or as to cause of action, would not be met half way with blind complacency to a weak and trumped-up record. There is no danger of confusion as to legitimacy of children and succession of property imminent to-day that could not be obviated by intelligent counsel and a conscientious bench, and the danger to the ignorant and careless would exist to a degree almost equal

under a standardized divorce law. Such cases as that of the lady divorced in New York at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and remarried in Connecticut by sundown of the same day would not be remedied by standardization; which would merely move the goal from the Connecticut State line to the Canada boundary.

The difficulty with the attitude of the clergy is both practical and philosophical. They forget that the duty of the legislator is not to put his code of morals or of ethics on the statute book but to provide for the general welfare of the community, and insure the practice of justice and equality in the relations of its members. Civilly speaking, marriage is a contract, not a sacrament. It is a civil contract, for the breach of which courts neither award damages nor decree specific performance as between the parties. Performance in the letter and the spirit of the duties of the marriage relation involves matters so delicate that they lie beyond the clumsy reach of any judicial writ or process yet devised. The interest of the commonwealth is in the protection of actual and potential mothers, the rearing of children and the integrity of the social unit of the organized community, the family. Public welfare requires that performance of the duty to support wife and children be specifically decreed, and the function thus conferred by public policy, utility and necessity upon the courts is exercised with a sternness that recognizes no mitigating circumstance. Conduct by a potential mother which threatens even potentially the integrity of a family is punished by dissolution of her family and forfeiture of her rights and privileges therein. Fairness and sentiment for equality between the sexes makes male infidelity of equal effect before the law, and when the legal system in one of our Latin dependencies was rounded out by an enactment stating causes of divorce, Congress found occasion to give the Spanish jurists who made no provision for

male digressions from conjugal fidelity an object lesson in Anglo-Saxon chivalry. That same consideration for the woman, which in the last century freed her property from the dominion of her husband, has put it also in her power absolutely in nearly all the States and to a limited degree in others to break her union to a wife-beater, or a drunkard or to one who has failed in the basic duty of support. The majority of the States find nothing contrary to public policy in dissolving a marriage that has failed of its purpose, from the public and the individual points of view for a time sufficiently long to raise the presumption of impossibility of reunion through the wilful abandonment by one party of the other.

It is inevitable that at this phase of the subject there should enter for consideration the balance between the necessary interest of the State in the stability of marriage and of families and the injustice to individuals coming from the prolongation to an extent, justified by no real public end or actual benefit, of a status of misery. No one who has resided in a Latin country requires to be persuaded by statistics that impossibility of divorce does not make universally for a morally elevated community and against social degradation of a percentage of its women. Virtue surrenders the more readily to a union beyond the pale of matrimony, when a civilly or religiously sanctioned union is civilly and legally impossible. Difficulty in contracting marriage does not tend to lower the rate of illegitimate births. It is not to the interest of the State to render marriage inordinately difficult, and thus contravene that provision of nature against race extinction which has made the base of matrimony the strongest of the human instincts and one often pervertible to debasement from its very superfluity of endowment. Were it otherwise, evasion of marriage itself would be commoner even than evasion of the duties of matrimony. On the other hand, public

policy does not require that the failure of one marriage be irretrievable through incapacity in case of dissolution to contract another, although a limit must be put upon caprice, selfishness and the absence of moral sensitiveness of individuals. The decision of the parties directly interested in justifying or indulging repudiation of duties may not override the general judgment expressed in each particular case through the judicial medium.

These are the practical common sense economic bounds of marriage viewed as a civic institution, and even thus narrowly viewed, the civic courts fall short of dispensing more than a clumsy justice in dealing with the subject. Even upon the subject of decreeing support, the courts sanction results that are absurd when tested in the light of common sense notions of justice. A woman may have entered matrimony with the resolve to perform such of its duties as suited her pleasure, and she may actually have repudiated all of them, and, nevertheless, succeed in obtaining the only specific performance the courts award, in the form of a decree for support. Your overworked judge will in effect tell the victimized husband that courts were not instituted for the washing of family linen, and that he should have known better than to marry such a woman. The courts have sanctioned the indelicacy of deriving maintenance from two men at the same time, and so authoritative a text writer as Bishop found a logical basis for such an anomaly in the theory that continuance of the support from the first husband is justly due a woman to compensate her for her depreciation in the matrimonial market through failure of her first venture. Reading a recent instance of abuse of the law one halts between pity for the foreign-born widower who married a second time to get a caretaker for his four orphaned children, and loathing for the woman who, repudiating her status as a step-mother, enforced her claim for support



growing out of an arrangement she had repudiated and cast the husband into jail, while his children went hungry.

The writer had opportunities to observe in Porto Rico the effect of bestowing upon that island the benefits of civil divorce for infidelity, or abandonment or cruelty or "insults," which is perhaps as substantial as any of the American improvements resulting from a change to a sovereignty ruled by the common law from one where the Roman civil law prevailed. The result was interesting in that it produced a general delivery from the pains of marriages that had failed to the relief of numbers of couples. In administering the new remedy Latin lawyers found difficulty in differentiating between judgments by consent or by confession in divorce cases and in ordinary litigation to the extent of protecting the public from connivance and collusion. When decrees were refused by the trial court for weakness of evidence, the Supreme Court pronounced the flimsiest scintilla of evidence strong enough. A lifelong resident of the island was enabled through a divorce to marry his housekeeper because an attorney, who produced neither client nor retainer from the wife alleged in a bill of divorce that he had abandoned his wife who was absent in Spain. A mother of a nursing child had a dispute with the father, trivial but sufficiently serious to found a divorce upon for cruelty. The sane influence of the church counteracted judicial inexperience and crudity in dealing with new law, and so a mother of a month-old infant was separated, divorced, remarried and reunited all within a month.

In a case in which the writer wrote the judgment for the trial court, a husband confessed unblushingly to atrocious marital misconduct of many varieties and looked cheerful while bosom friends corroborated the confession, but his native colleagues would not concur in the language of a decree which was practically a license to assume and violate new vows until it

had been so pruned and softened that it would almost have served the man as a testimonial to his character.

Returning from these actual instances of the working of a lax divorce law to the main phases of the subject, it is to be observed that civil courts can neither make women dutiful nor check and adequately punish the married libertine who in wantonness betrays his wife and children. In the matter of that breach of the marital duty to the State which has been lately called race suicide, although the writer has heard professors of economy delicately veil with the term "prudence" that line of marital conduct which feels itself justified by the thought that quality and not quantity of offspring is what the cut-throat competition of modern life demands from those who are not sheltered behind the accumulated wealth of some hoarding ancestor, no presidential bull or papal brief can materially supplement the deterring influence of long-enacted sections of the Penal Code.

In truth the modern marriage by its blending of romantic love, and matters of taste or sentiment, and its insistence upon congeniality of pursuits and objects of life, and those tastes, beliefs and sentiments that make up the warp and woof of life, has outgrown the supervision of it as a civil institution by lawyers and judges who apply to it under their conception of it as a civil contract the crude remedies of either the common or the civil law. People have come to recognize this legal or judicial inadequacy. Recently in the West a divorce petition contained six lines which were so spaced as to cover the entire page, in order that, so the pleader explained, the court might "read between the lines." A recent reviewer of Milton's theory of divorce puts it more elegantly as follows:

"There is an important distinction drawn by Aristotle between those evils which it is the business of the law to remedy and those which, in Milton's phrase, 'are too far within the soul to be cured by constraint of law and are left

only to be wrought on by conscience and persuasion.' The question of divorce clearly belongs both by the law of God and by the law of nations to this latter class, and it is "only by papal encroachments that the courts of justice have been authorized to 'toss about and divulge the secret reason of disaffection between man and wife,' which is 'a thing most improperly answerable to any such kind of trial,' where the most private details of a man's life are disclosed to a gaping public, and every little wrong is 'aggravated in open court by hired masters of tongue-fence.'"

It well may be that this inadequacy of the secular tribunals gave, while the world was still barbarian, their first foothold to the clergy in the regulation of marriage and in the dealing with marital offenses, for the good of the offenders' souls. None may deny that it is the influence of the Christian religion that, first making marriage monogamic, has raised the position of the married woman from that of a child-bearing chattel and superior house servant. The Founder of the faith, aiming a blow at a particular evil of his age and race, condemned the Jewish custom of dismissing a wife from service *volens volens* by a bill of divorcement written at the husband's pleasure, and forbade the putting of wives away save for the one cause. It would seem to require a turn for literalness of a peculiarly unintelligent stamp to extend this teaching to every phase of marriage dissolution—the putting away of a husband by his wife, for instance.

The priests, nevertheless, taught and enforced the indissolubility of the marriage tie and the one scriptural ground of dissolution was of rare application in an age when men went sword girded and risked their lives, as much in going about the theft of another man's wife as in the storming of his fortress, or the stealing of his cattle. Had not the so-called growth in enlightenment of the ages raised the woman's choice in the matter from nothing to the position of dominant factor, home-wrecking would still be an amusement that for danger would rank with burglary, in-

stead of being a sort of society game of ping-pong.

From the spiritual admonitions of the priest and confessor ecclesiastical control of marriage grew to the disciplinary jurisdiction of the diocesan courts, and the ordinary at the head of each court owned for his superior the Head of the Church on earth. In the ages when the conflicting forces of society were working out their adjustment and it was often uncertain whether the abbot or the count of the shire could muster more bowmen under his banner, there is small wonder that a civil jurisdiction derived not from the political organization of the state was so long recognized. Ingenuity and adaptability to changing needs of society found means to mitigate the rigor of the ecclesiastical tenet of the indissolubility of the marriage tie. To be sure, a marriage might not be dissolved. But suppose that for some refined metaphysical subtlety, that would escape the ordinary lay mind, it had never existed, because never validly entered into? The balked desires of Henry VIII. when the casuistry of the canonists found no means of gratifying him gave a political impetus to the forces of rationalizing Protestant thought that divided the English race from the Roman religious world, and Protestants, in abandoning to Rome the sacramental theory of marriage, inflicted upon their Christianized and half-Christianized portion of the world a loss, the recovery from which will require ages, of a force making for the moral elevation of mankind.

That force for elevation does not lie entirely in the direction of teaching marriage to be indissoluble or that the party to a divorce, whether guilty or conscience clear, may not legally remarry—at least, may not remarry with the church's blessing. Some argue on the subject that those who remarry will be confronted with two spouses in the next world, as though limitations and attributes of the human flesh and senses are not to disappear in the here-

after. Those who advance this argument do not use it, however, in support of the formal ecclesiastical prohibition of the dual marriage of widows and widowers. The modern world is secular and not clergy-ruled, and the notion of denying civil remarriage to the divorced, whether guilty or innocent, is a piece of sacerdotal bourbonism that finds few followers. But to put the ban of the churches on such marriages and withhold Christian fellowship and the sacraments of the church from the parties thereto is well within the functions of the clergy. The effect of such a rule of religious discipline is incalculable among a people who, though only a small part of them be actually or even nominally Christians in the religious sense, nevertheless follow the lead of the church in matters of social standing and prestige. The ripples of wholesome influence will extend far and away from that internal leaven of sternness in proximity to which some few devoted followers will suffer earthly unhappiness for their obedience.

The proper field for the clergy is, therefore, not in legislative halls, urging divorce reform, but in the study,

the chapel and the confessional, laboring for the restoration to the consciences of men and women of the medieval solemnity of the marriage relation; preaching anew what has been forgotten in modern life, that marriage means mutual duties of so grave a character that disaster will follow if it be entered upon lightly and without instruction and under conditions of unequal yoking; above all, that it may not be repudiated, when once entered, in any phase, without loss of honor and sacrifice of standing. Few divorces, if any, follow ordinary prudence and religious care in the selection of a spouse, but most do come from light-headedness and absence of religious instruction. There is magic in the word marriage and in the formal civil wedlock. Were it not so, many modern alliances would merit a less honorable appellation. The sooner the clergy set about teaching the world the difference in spirit and results between the Christian marriage and the usual civil union as lightly dissolved as it is easily blundered into, the more quickly will the tide of laxness and looseness as to family forming and dissolving be met and turned back.



## The Editor's Miscellany.

**U**NITED STATES government figures show that in the ten years which ended with June 30, 1904, the number of square-rigged sailing vessels flying the American flag diminished almost one-half. Further, not one square-rigged vessel was built in this country in two consecutive years. And the Commissioner of Navigation makes his comment in this wise: "The construction of square-rigged vessels has probably not entirely ceased in the United States, but the future output will not equal the loss through wreck, abandonment and cutting down into barges." There is a sentimental loss in the passing of the clipper, which once carried the Stars and Stripes into nearly every port of the globe. In the rising economic value of the schooner and the steam vessel lies the doom of the old square-rigger, the handsomest and the bravest craft that sailed the seven seas. The day may come when models of square-riggers will be found in museums as a record of a bygone day. But that day should not be suffered to appear before the epic of the clipper and of the red-blooded men who sailed her has been sung. The last clipper will deserve a comfortable berth in a quiet harbor where the decay of her barnacled keel may be attended with grace and dignity and respect, such as are the due of her skipper in the slivery, shrinking years of his age, an "outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

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There is a fascination in what may yet be termed the legend of the square-rigger, and that fascination lies in the

power of feats of struggle and conquest to command the imagination of men. Utility makes no appeal that may be compared with the note of greatness which marks a display of high courage. A "mollycoddle" may be a comfortable person, but he would never be suspected of qualities that inspire great effort. It is fair to assume that no "mollycoddle" would relish a personal share of Lieut. Peary's approach to the North Pole across the ice from the good ship Roosevelt. And human nature does not change much with the centuries. The Spanish cavaliers of the sixteenth century and their sovereigns were alike in their admiration of deeds that would make a "mollycoddle" shudder. Charles the Fifth allowed the family of Diego Ordaz to assume a burning mountain on their escutcheon to commemorate the courage of that soldier of Cortes who led nine companions beyond the lava beds and the treacherous ice to the snowy crown of Popocatepetl, "the hill that smokes," when their Indian guides had fled dismayed by the subterranean sounds of the volcano.

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A story that combines the masterful attraction of the mountains and the dramatic interest of an unusual complication of men and women is "Running Water" (the Century Company) by A. E. W. Mason. The majesty, the beauty and the danger of the Alps dominate the reader without swerving the interest in the plot, which shifts its scene to England and back to Switzerland. "To Michel Revalloud" (Capt. Chayne's old guide) "the whole vast range was spread out as on a raised map, buttress and peak, and dome of

snow from the Aiguille d'Argentiere in the east to the summit of Mont Blanc in the west. In his thoughts he turned from mountain to mountain and found each one, majestic and beautiful, dear as a living friend, and hallowed with recollections. He remembered days when they had called, and not in vain, for courage and endurance, days of blinding snowstorms and bitter winds which had caught him half way up some ice-glazed precipice of rock or on some long steep ice slope crusted dangerously with thin snow into which the axe must cut deep hour after hour, however frozen the fingers or tired the limbs. He recalled the thrill of joy with which, after many vain attempts, he, the first of men, had stepped on to the small topmost pinnacle of this or that new peak. He recalled the days of travel, the long glacier walks on the high level from Chamonix to Zermatt, and from Zermatt again to the Oberland; the still clear mornings and the pink flush upon some high white cone which told that somewhere the sun had risen; and the unknown ridges where expected difficulties suddenly vanished at the climber's approach, and others where an easy scramble suddenly turned into the most difficult of climbs."

In the evening of his life Michel told Shayne: "Take care, monsieur. You are lonely to-night—very lonely. Then take good care that your old age is not one lonely night like this repeated and repeated through many years! Take good care that when you in your turn come to the end and say good-bye, too"—he waved his hand toward the mountains—"you have some one to share your memories. See, monsieur!" and very wistfully he began to plead, "I go home to-night, I go out of Chamonix, I cross a field or two, I come to Les Praz-Conduits and my cottage. I push open the door. It is all dark within. I light my own lamp and I sit there a little by myself. Take an old man's wisdom, monsieur! When it is all over and you go home, take care that there is a lighted lamp in

the room and the room not empty. Have some one to share your memories when life is nothing but memories."

The wistful womanliness of Sylvia, the moral rescue of Wallie Hine and the mystery of Gabriel Strood add powerful elements to the interest of the story. But the Alpine note dominates.

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It is a question what is mediocre and what is commonplace. No doubt many of the great characters in the fiction that persists, despite neglect or the popularity of temporary vogue, are seemingly commonplace to most observers when found in life. The surer judgment and sometimes the intuition of the artist detect the soul of quality beneath the surface of mediocrity. Too often the commonplace is supposed to be the ordinary, the complaisant, the not over-aspiring, the stolid and serious. But that which is really dull so as to pall on the observer is poverty of quality. A great popularity of the moment greeted a novel of last season, which dealt with a circle of metropolitan society that captivates the imagination of many persons, poor in the possession of creature comforts and ignorant of the extent of the truth that clothes do not make the man. As a satire with a healthy moral, this story with all its artificiality would have made a lasting appeal, had the writer chosen characters possessed of enough human value to be representative of their fellows. Persons poverty-stricken in human nature hardly command long attention, and in a story characters meet the same standard of value. With wide advertising and a subject of which people like to read, a writer may get a hearing that is often as lucrative as it is momentary, but to make a contribution of value to literature the writer must first grasp the basic truths of the relations of men and then must tell his story about characters worthy of acquaintance, whether for their strength or their charm or their folly or their wrongdoing.



## Chile con Carne.

**I**T may be said, with some justice, that Longfellow wrote too much; it is an almost incurable habit in what, for want of a better word, we call the "professional" poet. He wrote many weak lines, but he wrote also many poems that wing straight home—delicate, fragrant, bird-like in poise and beauty. It is very easy to criticize Longfellow, but in honor and justice let us admit joyfully that he left some imperishable verse. He was, in a way, essentially the poet of youth, not the youth of morbid musings, but of vigorous and joyous physical life. Even his melancholy is more tender than profound. It was with him

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
But resembles sorrow only,  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Shall we call him the greatest of the minor poets?—From T. P.'s Weekly.

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The personality of every man is that in him which takes all events that happen to him or come within the range of his knowledge, all ideas he entertains or has entertained, all experiences he has or shall have, and binds all these past and present, near and remote, similar and diverse, into one continuous whole which he calls his life.—The Rev. Carl S. Patton in the Hibbert Journal.

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Mrs. Keene—Have the other ladies arrived?

Maid—Yes'm, you're the last one.

Mrs. Keene—Well, announce me so

that they can get through talking about me before I go in.

—From Idler.

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On the 5th of February, 1807, died Gen. Pasquale de Paoli, at his house in Edgware Road. To this generation he is best known as the central figure of Boswell's "Account of Corsica"—a book which may still be read with pleasure. In Boswell's "Johnson," too, we have a glimpse of this brave and accomplished soldier. Born in exile—his father had been driven from Corsica to Naples—Paoli returned to the island to fling himself into the heroic struggle of his country against the Genoese. He was appointed to the chief command, and might, indeed, have achieved the independence of Corsica had not the enemy secured the aid of France and sold the island to that nation. For a year he held out against the French army, but was at last overcome. He escaped to England, was cordially received by many distinguished people, and was given a civil list pension of £1,200 a year.

Dr. Johnson was introduced to Paoli by Boswell, and the pair got on very well together "They met," says Boswell, "with a manly ease, mutually conscious of their own abilities, and of the abilities of each other. The General spoke Italian, and Dr. Johnson English, understanding each other fairly well. At that meeting compliments ran high on both sides. "From what I have read of your works, sir," said the General, "and from what Mr. Boswell has told me of you, I have long

held you in great veneration." Then they fell to speaking of languages, when the Doctor observed, "Sir you talk of language as if you had never done anything else but study it, instead of governing a nation." To which the General returned that this was too great a compliment. Upon which Johnson heightened it by saying, "I should have thought so, sir, if I had not heard you talk." The same evening Johnson said to Boswell, over the inevitable tea, "Gen. Paoli has the loftiest port of any man he had ever seen." Lord Auchinlech, Boswell's father, on the other hand, referred to Paoli as "the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican." This, however, may have been inspired by his son's folly in appearing at a Shakespeare Jubilee at Stratford-on-Avon with the words "Corsica Boswell" in large letters on his hat.

Paoli was a generous host; for some time, indeed, Boswell lived in his house. In one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale, Johnson said "he loved to dine" with the General. "There was a variety of dishes much to his taste," writes Boswell, "of all of which he seemed to me to eat so much that I was afraid he might be hurt by it." Boswell whispered his fear to Paoli, who replied, "Alas! see how ill he looks; he can live but a short time. Would you refuse any slight gratifications to a man under sentence of death?" Paoli was buried in London, but in 1889 his remains were removed to the island of his affection.—From T. P.'s Weekly.

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There is no distinction in being a man, but there is considerable distinction in being an omnibus driver. Not to be labeled is to be a failure. A man does not feel safe without a label on which are written his name and address and destination; he is afraid of finding himself in the lost property office of the world.—From the Saturday Review.

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What Shakespeare thought was that men and women were all actors, and

that the whole world was a stage, and in so saying he was not making a cynical disparagement of the stage world.

Shakespeare knew that, whether on the stage or off, they were actors, and he knew that he realized life by dramatizing on the stage what was being done in the world by every one in a more or less loose way.

The ordinary individual thought that dramatic art was a falsehood, but it was really an attempt to show life.—George Bernard Shaw.

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No man ever had a better right to the title of Nonconformist than Mr. C. F. Aked, who is shortly going to New York to be the preacher of Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, where worships John D. Rockefeller. Mr. Aked (it is his own choice, for he has said that he has no use for "the papal prefix 'reverend'") conforms to no man and to nothing whatever except his own idea of what is right. Hard hitter and straight talker, he has built up for his Liverpool church a national reputation. From that pulpit time and time again he has bluntly and fearlessly condemned whatever was wrong. He is not an abstract, but a human preacher; he fought stoutly in Liverpool for purity, for temperance, for the sweeping away of the slums. In his view, social reform makes the most part of religion. Battalions of critics have dipped into the inkpot because he has accepted the call to what has been mis-called "Rockefeller church" and a millionaire congregation. Critics do not trouble Mr. Aked in the least. In answer to a question, he replied that he "had not anything to say about millionaires worth saying. "Once Mr. Aked, enjoying the play in a Liverpool theatre, met one of his own deacons, who affected to be very much surprised. "What are you doing here?" said the deacon. "I'm here to see a play," returned the preacher. "I suppose you came to blacklead the kitchen grate?" —From the London Rapid.

## In the Market Place.

**P**ANICS on the stock exchanges either arise from within or they are forced by outside conditions. In other words, either they result from the technical conditions created by the stock market speculators themselves, and, therefore, affect only those immediately interested in the course of prices; or they reflect merely conditions obtaining elsewhere than within the narrow boundaries which inclose Wall street and Lombard street. The Flower panic which followed the death of Gov. Flower, the panic which attended the Northern Pacific corner, the so-called Lawson panic a few years ago, and a score of lesser stock market collapses may properly be classed among the first category. The panic of 1873, the collapse of 1893 and a few others may be said to have been caused by conditions prevailing outside of the Stock Exchange circle. Whether the panic which prevailed on the stock exchanges of all the important financial centers on March the 13th and 14th of this year belongs in the first or second class is not yet clear. The extraordinary collapse in values which occurred on those days presented so many other unusual features as almost to place the event in a class by itself.

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Perhaps the fact that the panic was not accompanied by any failures has been enlarged upon too much in the daily press. Its only significance lies in the indication which it gives that there were enough strong institutions to carry over the weaker and smaller houses. In this effort the strong in-

stitutions were aided by the overnight recovery in the market. But that at one time on Thursday many houses, and perhaps public depositories, were insolvent there is no reason to doubt. The fact that these insolvents were temporarily saved means nothing. Sometimes efforts to extricate insolvent firms are successful, but more often, especially in a falling market, they result only in enlarging the losses to others. There is but one contingency which could avoid such failures and that is that a permanent recovery should take place in the stock market.

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That expectation can only be entertained, however, on the theory that the recent collapse was due entirely to causes arising within the walls of the Stock Exchanges themselves. It is by no means clear that this theory is correct. In fact, everything points to the conclusion that outside conditions played more than a minor part in bringing about the severe contraction in stock market values. There had been very little overspeculation by the general public. The absence of this element in stock speculation had been a matter for comment for months and had, indeed, been counted a pillar of strength in support of the market's high level. Such speculation as was carried on was entirely in the hands of a few rich men and coteries, who, it appears, certainly misjudged the general conditions and who were finally forced to lighten their burden by the pressure of those very general conditions which they had refused to recognize. The deciding force which

brought about the climax in the fall of prices was sudden fright caused by an act which was intended originally to have just the opposite effect. There is little doubt that J. P. Morgan sailed for Europe after his interview with President Roosevelt, fully convinced that he had taken the step which would prevent further demoralization of the market. But Mr. Morgan has an unfortunate habit of doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. In 1903 his "undigested securities" interview which was intended to reassure investors had just the opposite effect. His pilgrimage to the mountain was construed as a sign that large interests were badly frightened, and those, who were still holding large quantities of depreciated stocks, argued that if Morgan was scared they had good reason to be scared also.

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If, therefore, the sudden taking fright of many rich speculators caused the final collapse, the cause of that sudden fright was the real cause of the panic. It will not be denied that the cause of this fright had gradually acquired cumulative force and that its origin lay in the policies of the President. That these policies were merely the outcome of years of abuse of power and of the confidence of the people by financial leaders is also true. The whirlwind which was reaped last month was sowed years ago by the trustees of insurance companies, the directors of railroad companies and the heads of many kinds of fiduciary, public and semi-public corporations, who, in the language of a politician, were "working for their own pockets all the time." The storm which broke a few weeks ago had been brewing ever since the insurance expose first began to attract, then to startle and finally to rouse the people to wrath and action. The laws, which have recently been placed on the statute books and about which financiers are complaining so loudly, would never have been enacted, had it not been for the revelations of the last two or three years. The panic of March

the 13th and 14th of 1907 will be remembered as a panic of morals.

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Its effect upon the country at large remains to be seen. That the low prices reached by many stocks attracted investment buying such as heretofore had not been seen in Wall street for years is certain. Investors, in spite of their lack of confidence in the financial leaders, evidently argued that the prices offered in the stock market more than discounted any villainy that might have been perpetrated by greed. But that a moderate rise in values will again eliminate the investment buying of securities is also certain. The future course of prices will, therefore, it seems, depend largely upon these forces, the influence of which may generally be measured accurately enough.

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For the immediate future the crops will, to a large extent, be depended upon to sustain values. Winter wheat has so far been favorable, and with good crops the adverse factors may be overcome. The influences which work against values at this time are largely of a monetary kind. The strain on credits has been severe and there is little sign of any falling off in the demand for money. In spite of the enormous liquidation of the last few months in the security markets of all the important financial centers in this country and in Europe, money still loans at exceedingly high interest rates. This means that the demand for accommodations by the business interests is still large. In other words, there is as yet no sign of that overproduction and slackening of demand which generally precedes a business depression. Business men do not enlarge their facilities, unless they feel reasonably sure that the demand is such as to warrant a heavier production. But business men, like other workers with their brains, are imaginative and are likely to make mistakes. Only the future can tell whether the present prevailing judgment among the manufacturers and merchants is warranted

or whether an unforeseen falling off in the demand will not bring disaster to their enterprises. In this connection it is important to note the expression recently published by an authority on commercial conditions to the effect that the necessary consequence of the legislation in control of corporate enterprise would mean a reduction in enterprise, therefore a reduction in the demand for labor and therefore lower wages for the laboring classes. Such a lowering of the scale of wages could, of course, have only one effect upon the consumption of manufactured and food products. That the heavy losses sustained by many of the wealthy class in the recent stock market slump will cause a reduction in their expenditures for luxuries appears also a reasonable expectation. There is, therefore, likely to be a reduction in the demand for certain articles of food and manufacture, which may be sufficient to affect adversely the enterprises that are now seeking to enlarge their facilities. In the opinion of the writer this is, therefore, not a time for expansion of liabilities but rather a time for accumulation of assets, in order to be secure against any possible business reaction. Such cautious harvesting of resources does not necessarily mean retrenchment, but rather suggests the advisability of contentment with present profits and returns upon investments.

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The strained relations between the money markets in Europe and those in the United States continue. Again this country is in a position to draw upon London for gold, but fear of retaliatory measures by the Bank of England has so far deterred international bankers from exercising that power. The Bank of England rate has now been at 5 per cent. for a period of time seldom approximated heretofore, and a return to the still higher rate of 6 per cent., which prevailed for a few weeks toward the end of December, would be as much dreaded in New York as in London. Paris, in the mean time, is sitting at

the doors of its gold vaults unwilling to sell any part of the precious metal held by it. This condition makes the strain upon the monetary situation all the more unbearable. New York financiers still indulge themselves with the hope that the Aldrich currency law which was enacted by the late Congress will help to lessen the strain in Wall street as well as in the country at large. The new Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Cortelyou, has already taken advantage of the bill and has come to the relief of the money market, but these artificial measures result only in temporary amelioration. The issue of United States bonds in 1893 would have resulted in bankrupting the United States Treasury, had not the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman law been repealed. In the meantime the prophecy of Jacob H. Schiff that this country would see a panic beside which previous panics would look like child's play has only partially been fulfilled.

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To step aside a moment and endeavor to get a perspective of the transportation problem, the tendencies marking its evolution and the effect upon the minds of the American people, as investors, as shippers, as travelers, as guardians of their public and business morals, and as voters, of the new publicity as to the methods of the railway financiers and operators is an essential preliminary to a sane conception. There is no question that the revelations attending the Harriman investigation have made the doctrine of ultimate government ownership appear less fantastic to the normal American individualist of sound morals. In this connection the recent demonstration of the fallibility of stock market valuations may also have its bearing in refutation of the theory, often advanced by opponents of Mr. Bryan's ideas on this subject, that any purchase by the government of railroad or other properties at anything but boom valuations was necessarily in the nature of confiscation.

EDWARD STUART.







LORD CROMER.